

CAVALCADE

January 15



Illustration by Edward Sorel
Photograph by Paul J. Schutzer

Is Hitler Still Alive?

— PAGE 24

Artificial Births for Supermen

— PAGE 20

*Ideal for every wear—
Everywhere!*



**ask for Staming
Soft-Supporting TROUSERS**

*Jaiford
from
Crusader
Cloth*

Cavalcade

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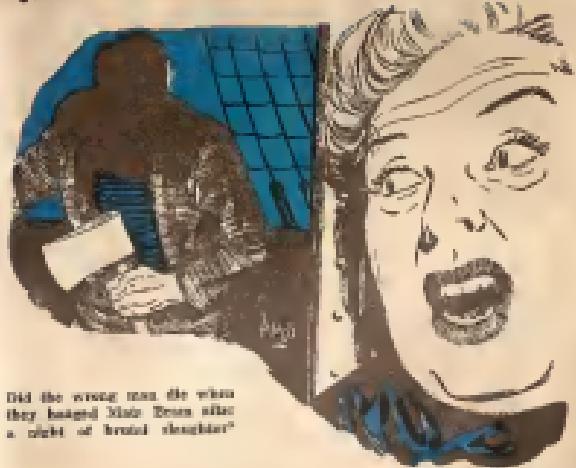
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who was ~~the~~ *Midnightiac*



Did the wrong men die when they hanged Miss Bass after a night of brutal shambles?

MANY strange and bloody crimes have been committed on ships at sea, but none is more extraordinary than the sordid slaying of three shorebound souls on the transoceanic "Herbert Fuller," sailing from Boston to Buenos Aires with a cargo of timber in July, 1931.

Perhaps the story is best told

through the eyes of the ship's sole passenger, 58-year-old Lester Marks. This young and carefree son of an eccentric Boston family, but he was the black sheep. His parents were sending him on a long sea voyage to try to bring him to his senses.

They had chosen the "Herbert

Fuller" as they had received good

reports of the captain and first officer, Charles Nash. He was an honest, sober man, and had 20 years' experience as a skipper behind him. His attractive, buxom wife, Louise, lived on board with him.

Captain Nash arranged for his unfortunate passenger to have a comfortable stateroom to himself, and on July 3—midnight day—this was crowded with friends and relatives.

The last visitor to go ashore was the lad's old uncle, Dr. Marks, who knew that just how bad a state Lester's nervous condition and general health had deteriorated.

"This won't be a pleasure cruise, lad," he told him. "You'll find the life tough and hard, but just the tiring to get you back on your feet again."

Lester agreed with him.

"There's one more thing," added the doctor. "There's what I've seen of the crew, they're a villainous bunch. I thought I'd give you a little present for safety's sake!"

Dr. Marks drew from his pocket a revolver and a box of cartridges and handed them to his nephew.

Neither of them could have known that the weapon would later play a big part in saving the boy's life and breaking the "Herbert Fuller" bank in port.

At first, however, it seemed the doctor's fears were ill-founded.

The captain and his wife, the two mates and the passenger took their meals together in the saloon. They were wakened early by a young midshipman named Jonathan Spencer.

Mr. Nash made a great fuss of Spencer, apparently impressed by his position in Boston society. This annoyed both the first mate, another thick-set midshipman named Thomas Bran, and the second mate, William Blomberg.

Midday, July 13, signaled the crew that they planned circumnavigating the half-a-century.

That night, 120 miles out in the Atlantic, three persons were brutally hacked to death with an axe.

After dinner Lester Marks went to bed early. The saloon was empty, the lights there too hot for reading. Mrs. Nash had come to her quarters, the captain was lying in the chartroom. The two mates had disappeared completely they sat up to prop the table.

The doors of both Mrs. Nash and the passengers opened off the chartroom, at a corner of which stood a trunk which the captain usually used. Hacking marks good-enough as he passed through this room, Marks entered his own door and locked it behind him.

A few hours later something like a severe awakening Lester Marks. He was a woman's scream.Quickly he fell under the pillow for his mother's gun and crept over to the door.

Guns at hand, he threw the door open. The chartroom was empty except for Captain Nash lying in a pool of blood beside his overturned trunk. Marks ran to Mrs. Nash's room and called out. The door was open, so he went in. She lay in her bed amid a mass of blood-drenched blankets.

Holding his gun before her, Marks hurried on deck. The first person he saw was Miss Bass, who, apparently surprised at seeing a pistol waved at her, picked up a piece of timber to defend herself.

Bran accompanied Marks down to the chartroom. He inspected the bodies, then the pair climbed back on deck again.

It was two o'clock in the morning and nothing could be done till daylight. The two men seated themselves by the red end with their backs to the

Brown Brown had got his own gun and kept the men at the wheel乖乖, while Marks turned his fingers at the crew.

They worked for light.

Meanwhile, Jonathan Spencer, the steward—an astrophiles fellow—had realized that Second Mate Bloomberg had not appeared. He went down to his cabin and found a fired revolver. The revolver, too, had been gleamed to polish.

On deck Brown suddenly pointed to an object half hidden in the darkness among the cargo of timber.

"There's the axe that did it," he cried.

Some thought there was an axe stowed with blood-stains.

"Shall I throw it overboard?" Brown asked the passenger.

Marks made a mistake. He was only a youth, and the man was not a captain for whom he had been prepared at Harvard.

"You," he answered. "Toss it away. The crew might use it against us."

Quick-witted Spencer, who only that instant had seen what was happening, passed forward, yelling, "No," just as Brown tossed it over the side.

"You shouldn't have done that," Spencer told the mate.

"We don't find no axe," grumbled Brown, crossly.

"What do you take me for, a God-dam fool," cried Spencer. "Don't you know a man has seen you with the axe?"

Apparently, however, the witness was too frightened or too drowsed to come forward, as Spencer made no move yet to back up his charge.

There were now nine living men on the "Herbert Fuller." In the morning they held a conference. Although Brown was loudly in command, he was not keen to assume responsibility. Eventually it was de-

cided to put the ship about and make for Halifax in Nova Scotia.

During the day one of the sailors came to Marks. He claimed that another member of the crew, Charles Brown (who had been at the wheel the previous night when the wooden mast had been烹煮), had been acting suspiciously. He had just been seen wearing a pair of overall overalls, and—curiously, the night before—he had gone down to his quarters and changed his clothes.

Brown and Marks decided to put Charles Brown at work. The prisoner was dumped into a small space between the piled timber.

Brown protested that he was innocent and had merely changed his clothes because it was cold. He had discovered his overalls because they were worn out.

Anyways, Brown protested bitterly to Marks if was silly to think he had done it. He had seen Mrs. Brown striking at the captain's back with an axe!

From his impressed self as the timber Brown shouted out that, while at the wheel, he had heard a noise in the chartroom. He had looked through the window-pane was possible from where he stood—and had seen Brown bringing his spread axe down again and again on the captain.

The crew demanded that the mate also be punished. There was firmly resisted to the maximum, where he remained for the rest of the voyage.

They left the ship without a captain or mate. Fortunately, Marks had done a lot of amateur yachting. He decided to take charge. Manned by his placed, the crew was only too willing to obey his orders.

For the next week—and they made Halifax—Marks stood at the wheel, his loaded pistol on the binnacle.

In port the police immediately

placed everyone on board under arrest. It was some time before they came to a decision as to who should be charged with the mutiny.

Both men under suspicion were decent characters. Charley Brown had a record for wickedness all over the world. It appears that he was not quite normal mentally. He was renowned for wandering around the ship, muttering to himself. Once in Rotterdam he went out of his mind and fired a gun at a man. The shipmates testified that he was always laughing and pleased to set fire to the ship and start a mutiny.

Mate Thomas Brown, however, was the one the authorities finally picked out to stand trial for murder. He had often threatened to kill Second Mate Bloomberg for his "democratic talk," and he was fond of publicly challenging "Captain Nash right the same day, and Mrs. Nash could then get married to a passenger man."

At the trial Brown's lawyers tried to prove that Charley Brown had last at the wheel and then gone below to do murder with the axe. Expert

witnesses, however, testified that Charley immediately the ship would have come up into the wind, with her sails flapping, and waking everybody up.

More than anything else, Brown was convicted by his own action of throwing the axe overboard and the oily rags were in wheel—in the log book—he had tried to put the blame for this on Marks and Jonathan Spencer.

The verdict, "Guilty, without capital punishment," was an unusual one which had been made possible only by a recent statute. Relieved, Brown went off to serve a life sentence in Atlantic Penitentiary.

Within 15 years he was paroled, and rehabilitated himself so successfully that he was soon master of a 100-foot schooner, the "Alvina." Impressed by his exemplary conduct, President Wilson in 1919 granted him a full pardon.

When he retired he bought a little restaurant down in Florida. There he died, well over 80. Back to the sea and he stuck to his story that he was not the guilty party.



you meet
queer types

LA TAXIS

Any big city is full of anomalies—if you want to meet most of them try driving around for a while.

—BRYDEN BROWN



A BIG city is full of strange people and strange anomalies. And if you want to meet most of them—driving a cab, I tried it, and I know.

My taxi-driving dates back to 1959, but people haven't changed, even though taxis have altered from the little "Standard Fair" of the first Yellow Cab fleet to 1959 streamlined jobs.

It wasn't long before I learned that the night is when you gather them in.

Nothing much happens on the day shift. You may meet a few odd characters—especially the ones who

think they are being taken the long way round.

Others will take out their money and carefully separate the fare, then complain bitterly because the meter has ticked up another cent since just as the cab stopped. All drivers have this worry. I remember driving one potential block down the wrong street. It was my fault, and he named Cain.

So I said, "Don't worry, Master Cain! Get out of the street and turn the meter back."

He left for it, too!

But to me here the other half knees knees and lets his hair down, take the

all-night shift for a little while.

I was called to a literary-fet臭 block in Melrose Street one morning about three o'clock. A middle-aged character in a purple dress-up-piece passed me a check in a paper-money flat.

He explained that his "daughter" had become ill and asked me to take her home to Streithfield.

I agreed, and we clumped into the cab—a gorgous—but uncommunicative—bloke of about sixteen years. If she had been really ill, I would have taken her to Sydney Hospital, but she was just plain dead-drunk.

I took her to the address given, dropped him—with instructions—on the doorstep, rang the bell, and sent the bloke out of there. I still wonder how she managed to explain to her parents.

Another night, a lovely young wife just dropped with silver doves, pinged up to the cab, provided an address at Rose Bay, and off we went. Her destination was a block of flats, but when I got there she was completely unconscious.

Fortunately, she had her husband in it; I found a driver's license with the number of the flat. So I carried her upstairs and got her key from the bags.

She lived alone, evidently. There was no one else there, so I stopped a wet cloth over her face. The make-up came off in a hurry, and soon she regained consciousness enough to groan. "Where am I? In her bag . . . put me to bed, darling?" Then she passed out again.

I put her to bed . . . It was a privilege. In fact, I was almost out of the flat before I remembered the fare. So I opened the front-end radio, and flipped the controls on the radio. That damn was over-weighted with dough. There was a great roll of quarters, dimes, and a hundred-dollar note. I took the fare and a two-buck

tip . . . I earned it, I figured. We, at night, there was hardly a dull moment.

About that time there had been a series of bad holdups. Unrest had been foisted and visited. So when three big, smirky-faced men got in my cab and asked to be driven to a lonely outer suburb, I was a bit worried. They didn't speak the whole way, and the hair on my neck was growing up.

Any moment I expected a black-pink to feed on my skin.

We reached the destination, a dark mansion on a block street. I said to myself, "Now it comes!"

One of the men leaned forward with something in his hand. As I turned, I saw that the mansion was a training college for priests. It took me a long time to get to the fire that had burned me. It was legal.

Yes, those were the years.

Today a taxi plain costs anything up to two thousand pounds. When I beat of it, I remember the day when I was working on the rank of the P. and G. (part of Woolworths) behind we was an old driver with a Hudson cab. He'd had it. "To hell with this gear!" I wish a buyer would come along . . . he could have the cab, the place and the poster for \$500 he wanted . . . and he meant it, too.

Things were good in 1959. Our wages were \$12 a week for six eight-hour shifts. We made from \$12 to \$1 extra, and given quid a week in 1959 was a lot of dough . . . remember?

Fares could be had in dashes—an extra ranging from \$10 for a hospital visit to \$20 for a clean-fined furnished two-bedroom apartment.

Cigarettes were \$10 for ten at the cut-rate tobacconist, and they were twice the size of today's tips.

A fine five-course meal anywhere

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

I've lived twelve months—or three hundred days—and the adventures that come after—
They had good-luck and I've had bad, too,
and I've had my share of laughter.
But I'd like to say if it happened again, I wouldn't like to change it that is the way that life should be
and I'll not rearrange it.

—JAY-PAY

wanting to take a risk, and then offer to pay the fare on a barter basis. They were the better.

I was taking a real lolly to Central Station one night. She said she was going to Melbourne, and asked me to pay the bill in a quiet place so we could drink a bottle of beer together. It's against our religion to knock back a blow, but I was surprised when she offered to cancel her trip and come to live with me! I guess she's still in Melbourne!

One night I took a party out to Petersham. They loaded the rob with beer—do you remember when you could buy beer?... and I think there were at least eight people, although the cabs held five.

They paid me off, and I drove away to the Cross and pulled on the rock. Then I found they had left a dozen of beer stacked next to the single seat of the driver.

I stowed it in the toolbox under my seat, thinking it could be useful later. On the rock, a character pulled up and asked if I knew where he could get some beer. I could see he wasn't a copper, so I said: "Sure. Would a dozen be any good?"

I handed over the dozen—at 2/- a bottle. The character went off marvelling at Yellow shirts.

But don't despair for one moment that Sydney has a monopoly of taxi-cab revolutionaries! I have a gal who drives a taxi in New York, although they're always referred to as "backs" there. The things that have happened to that guy would amaze you.

He told me about the time he picked up a gorgeous gal who told him to drive to some theatre. He drove, but heard a lot of wriggling around going on in the back of the cab. So he looked in the rear mirror—and nearly swallowed his gum. The honey had stripped to

panties and bralettes, and was dragging a dress out of a small case.

"Leda!" shouts my pal, "you can't do a strip-tease in my back!"

The gal cracks back: "Keep your eyes on the road, momey! I'm in the show at this theatre, and I'm late so I chance in your back . . . to what?"

Almost as bad was the job of lorrying a troupe of refugees down an apartment house on Sixty-fifth Street in a Broadway theatre. My gal never did know how many refugees were in that troupe. He just knew that they packed in and out of that cab in an almost endless stream.

Even animal freaks are not unknown in America as transients. Not long ago a character was doing a snake-act with two pythons. He used to take them to the theatre in a closed station wagon, but one night it broke down. So he took a tax and spent half an hour persuading the driver to accept the full-grown beasts. They were quiet enough at first, but two fire-engines suddenly went past with clanging bells and screaming sirens. It was too much for the pythons. They went completely nuts. Before the toxicity could control them, they had torn the inside of the cab to shreds. It cost a lot of money to replace the upholstery, glass, plate ... and the driver's nerves.

A nice sort of survival was the old lady who took a ten ride through the park every morning. She was very fond about the state of the car, but she was a nice old gal and the driver honored her by supplying a clean white sheet to put over the seat on which she sat.

Then one day the old lady did not come out for her ride and the driver was told she was very ill. She died a little later. She left five thousand dollars to "the taxi-driver who had shown kindness to, and put up with the whims of, a very old woman."

That is how it was written in her will.

Perhaps one of the strangest things that happened in a taxi-driver was right here in Sydney. He drove a man from the city to a block of flats at Rose Bay. The fella asked him to wait, saying he would be out in a minute. The driver waited for some time, then went back asleep. He awoke next morning when a man opened the cab door and got in, saying "This is old wrong?" The driver was just about to say "No," when he recognized his fare as the man of the night before. Explosions followed, and it appeared that the fare had torched off about the cab and gone to hell. He paid the taxi-fare still for waiting time, too!

There are a lot of decent things about Sydney drivers, although they seem tough. Trouble is, it is the money-pockets who make them that way . . . and I'm not kidding.



at the Cross east about 10-, and a dozen of good beers was 17/-, with 2/- back on the bags!

What price beer now?

Still, those old Yellow, with no windows for the driver, were built in bad weather. In 1938 Sydney had a terrific cyclone, and I was out in it for five days, soaked all the time.

In addition, the Company was very strict. We were suspended at the office before each shift. Books and legitimate had to be spotless and strong—or else.

Nowadays, looking at the slaphappy Sydney taxi drivers, with its rackets, the high-living, double-barreled, no-ofice-until-and-beyond drivers, I still wonder whether we weren't better off back in the Gay Twenties, when everyone spoke English and Kleg's Cross didn't need a British Consul. Maybe, it will settle down again, but I wouldn't know.

In 1938, our worst customers were women—especially around the Cross. It was a common thing for these

The blood-stained knives of the
messiahs of God spread terror
and death in the Philippines.



ASHER JOEL

MOROS

are crazy killers

"**THERE** is no God but Allah—kill
for Allah!"

The early morning shoppers in the crowded town market place of Zamboanga in Mindanao, in the Philippines, realized as they heard the shrieks of the two frenzied white-robed men.

Attracted by the commotion, a

powerful Chinese merchant hastily stuck his head outside the door of his store to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

It was the last sight of the world. A hand, gone dripping from the blood channels on the steel blade, reached in a powerful grip, and the Chinese's head rolled in the dust.

12 CAVAILCADA, January, 1951

He was the fifth in the line of
several victims awaiting an 1899 at
the hands of the crazy followers of
the Prophet before the bullet of
the constabulary halted the mad rush
of the two Moros who had gone
"jihadists."

When the bodies of the martyrs
and their victims had been drag-
ged away, the people realized their
miserable trapping as if nothing had
happened. For hundreds of years
such outbreaks of mass murder by
the disciples of Mahomet had been
going on, and they had come to
accept them as incidental to the rel-
igious faith which 300,000 Filipinos follow.

The Moslems of the Philippines—to
which see the two responsible for
the massacre belonging—are a primitive
survival in a modern world of
advanced religious fanaticism.

Long before the arrival of the
Spaniards in 1521, Arabic traders,
missionaries and Holy Men had emi-
grated to the islands of Mindanao
and the Sulu Archipelago. On isolating
residents they inter-married
with the native Malays and promptly
proceeded to convert them to Mahomet-

anism. The mass proselytization of whole tribes quickly followed.

Wide areas became rapine and
pillage of peaceful surrounding tribes,
others took to the solo ex-
pulsion, ravaging coastal cities and
towns on the adjacent islands of
Cebu, Panay, Negros and even far-
ther off.

When the Spaniards began establish-
ing settlements, the converted
Malays bitterly resented

Before long the Europeans found
themselves up against an eruct and
erupting a horde of savages as never
seen before. With bitter memories of
martyrdom with the Islam, they be-
stowed upon them the name of their

perverse relatives from Mexico—the
Mangas.

Conversion to war their friendship
was completely unsuccessful. Arrogantly poised, the gaudy clad Moros
rode on their frisky and much prized
native kraits—the long-bladed kris
beneath the Spanish to prove them
in possession of their honor.

Double-edged and laser sharp, the
kris was an formidable arm of their
ague. Not even when they were
sleep was the blade far away from
their hand.

Some were leaf-shaped and flat,
others had the appearance of a wavy-
edged scimitar curved back, except
for one difference. This was the
grooved groove into the blade from
the handle to the point to allow
the blade to run out of a victim.
These made it easier to withdraw the
weapon after it had been plunged
into an enemy's body.

The armamentarium on the hard-
wood, silver and metal handles of
the kris were beautiful examples
of craftsmanship.

One thing all the kraives had in
common, however, was the Arabic
monogram delicately etched into the
blade. It read "La ilaha illa'ah."

But what the Spaniards feared
more than the kraives was the
complete obediens with which the Moslems
were prepared to die in their fervent
resolution to kill as many Christians
as possible.

They had been on the islands only
a short time when the converted
Malays began an insidious to their
practice of sacrificing our individual
holy way for Islam.

Because the abiding feature of the
ceremony preceding such offerings was
the taking of an oath on the Koran,
the Spaniards described the custom
as "Juratankada," their word for
oaths.

AFRICA speaks—or does it? Richard Carlson recently invited some Hollywood friends over to view jungle scenes created by the Carlson cameras for "King Solomon's Mines." Warners claimed these attacked when, highly baited one another. At the end the guests were almost hush with their applause. Bemoaned the proud Carlson: "But the best thing about Africa is that the white man is so dangerous we had to clean our teeth with chrysoprase." "What vintage!" inspired Ronald Reagan coldly. And that was the end of that party.

(From "Photoplay," the world's first motion picture magazine.)

After considerable purification rites including the slaying of the sycamore and acacia, and the passing of the toe and finger marks, the fanatic striking himself as a white goanna. Before his peace he meant to do not kill the thin Christian he met, and keep as his bloody memento until his own death occurred.

The devout Spaniards naturally viewed such behavior with some concern, and promptly proceeded to teach their new subjects a lesson. But they were up against tough customers. Their first expedition to Jolo failed.

The Moors continued their reign of terror.

Over 30 years later, in 1580, a second force led by General de Covarrubias set out to suppress the Moors once and for all time. But, despite the unprecedented infliction upon them by 2000 Spanish and Filipino soldiers transported to Jolo in 10 ships, "paramilitary" operations still continued.

Then Spain was defeated by the United States in the Philippines and the Americans took over the job of bringing the Moors to their knees.

In an effort to bring law and order

to the Archipelago without resorting to the use of arms, the Americans tried to win the friendship of the Moors through the influence of their rulers.

These were only too willing to make grandfather promises in return for such gifts and handouts as pensions. Although the leaders worked with the Sultan they did nothing to curb the enthusiasm of the warlords who continued their homicidal attacks on unfortunate Christians.

Reluctantly the order was given for punitive measures to be taken, and in 1898 a force of 300 men under General Leonard Wood was transported to Jolo.

One thousand Moors, with their wives and children, took up their battle stations behind fortifications on the crater of an old volcano.

Although only armed with their knives and spears, they fought until the last man, killing 21 and wounding 35 of the attacking force. Rather than surrender their wives and children, they killed them too.

In 1913, General John Pershing, famous U.S. World War I leader, was

also compelled to take military action against the Moors.

After the subsequent encounter he is on record as having said "A Moor can fight his own weight in wildcats."

Arising out of these unequal battles, scores of stories have emerged distressing the Jesuits to which the recalcitrant Moors will go at their nod to kill for their God.

They have been known when bicycled to seize the barrel of the rifle in their two hands, and force the their even further into their body to enable them to get closer to their opponent. With one hand firmly holding the barrel to stop it from being withdrawn, they then struck with the knee in the other.

Moors have dragged their bleeding and broken bodies over the ground by their hands—knee in teeth—in a last desperate effort to satisfy their insatiable blood lust.

Bearing every effort to subjugate them, the Moors maintained a form of self Government until April, 1940.

Then, wringing of the unequal struggle, Princess Hajah Pandita, adopted daughter and niece of Sultan Hamid Karim II, transferred the local ownership of her hundreds of islands to the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

Todays the Sultan of Sulu is only the spiritual and de facto ruler of the Moors, and his subjects have adopted more peaceful means of earning a living, and a less violent form of religious fervorism.

But even in 1951 reports occasionally filter into Manila of one or more who have gone "Jaramendiado" in the manner of his forbears.

For always there is the illusion of the Jaramendiado of beautiful women to live them on to death and destruction.



Holmes and His Guerrillas Aspira— No. 2



The man who was cricket

A fiery-tempered man with a bawd took all tradition and made himself a national name

THE English have the reputation of being a plodding race. It is a well-deserved reputation, built up over hundreds of years by millions of men whose boast it was that they were or had without question, with any possible display of feeling below "dead last."

The cast of the poker face probably reached its peak in Victorian England. Which makes it strange that the solid members of London's most conservative clubs should have so far

forgotten themselves in the 1860s to allow a man to the oaks and fight to shake his hand.

And even more strange that the bawd giant so treated took the homage as his due. In view of everything, he seems to have been quite a man.

He was. The man who made Victorian England forget an established code of rigid behaviour was William Gilbert Grace, a Doctor of Medicine by profession—and by natural myth-

ical and triveling the greatest cricketer the world had seen.

Grace was more than a cricketer to the world in which he lived. He was cricket itself.

His protests resembled a Royal tour. There were some rejections and fits wherever he went.

In a time and country where a twelve-hour day was considered a fair day, and the idea of a thousand-a-half-day week little short of heresy, Grace personified a game that was played on working days without serious opposition.

Anybody else who had shown any desire to turn the rump from the pot to the clerk from his stool would have been denounced as a renegade to the Empire, the Established Church and the sanctity of the British home.

Grace rose supreme in tradition, the rigid conventions of Victorian etiquette, and the meane publicists accorded sport in his day, to become not only a household word, but the household word.

What was the answer?

Undoubtedly, the basic reason for his fame was his ability with bat and ball. His batting was superb. He played on wickets that would not today be considered fit for a high school match. Yet it is chronicled that it was "nothing surprising that bawling on to him" he attacked consistently, and his repertoire of strokes was complete. He liked to straight drive, and his power was enormous. Before rapidly increasing weight slowed him down, he moved with the agility of a cat, getting down, the pitch to slow bowlers, and putting them sprawling.

We thought any ball that might be considered loose should be hit out of the ground . . .

On his day, Grace could disconcert any wicket. In 1886 he faced Australia, with Spofforth "the demon bowler" and a powerful battery of

supporting musketeers, and completely demolished them, to the tune of a stupendous 156.

His bowling, though good, was not up to the standard of his batting, which in his fine class career notched but one less than 24,000 runs. But he was a graceful slow bowler, and bagged 200 wickets in first class matches, although only nine were in Tests against Australia.

His fielding might have been the weakest point in his cricket. He remained at it a long time. His huge hairy paws were always safe, but he showed a disinclination for general fielding and tracking up, especially as he got older.

Great as was his cricket, it could not capture fully his extraordinary hold on public imagination. He was a legend, and legends are built on more complicated foundations.

No precise information exists, but the suspicion is apparent that Grace had "color."

What "color" is, is indefinable, but it is apparently the quality of creating everything that is done with a sort of heroic quality.

Outside of Grace, few people have had it. Strangely enough, one of Grace's contemporaries in another field captured public imagination in the same way. It was John L. Sullivan.

Like Sullivan, Grace had many fine, quite qualities. But like Sullivan, too—he had far more than his share of the Old Adam, factors that might have blighted a career, and unfavorable attributes compared to many of his rivals.

Grace was fiercely national. He cared nothing for minorities or parades in which he himself did not indulge. That precluded most things outside cricket, talking about cricket, and eating and drinking.

He once lectured a member of his county team for reading in the train,

Watch your bats, mind. Trolle experts say the angle is an index to your character or mood. A bat dead straight on the head indicates lack of imagination, while too much over the nose, a pose too much to one side, too much bounce. Full face means broad, even-hands; thin face, expertly drawn, long features, taller average. . . . And watch those angles!

on the grounds that "reading books never helped anybody."

He was certainly not a good apart judged by present-day standards—or even by the much less exacting standards of his time. Tom Moore, one of his greatest friends and fans, wrote as much: "Many of his methods inverted of the 'true proven'."

The translucent appeals for 11½, decisions off his own bowling were his specialty then demands. Most of the appeals were ex-protests. They didn't like offending The Doctor, and The Doctor knew it.

If he gave a chance when bating, he was not above doing his best to snuff a fieldman making the catch. "Miss it, damn you!" was one of his favorite cries.

He frequently argued with umpires when given out. On one occasion, famous don bowler Hartnicht stepped off a log with a beautiful in-invarior Gray argued—and argued successfully—that the wood had lifted the bat. An hour later, Hartnicht again got through his defense, and spread-

angled both middle and leg stump. "Don't go, Doctor," he called. "There's still one standin'!"

Grace was a money-grubber of the worst type. He had no love for professionals, and thought it a disgrace that the Australians should be claimed as amateurs when they were paid for loss of time but he found no scruples in doing in the way of his accepting \$1000 "expenses" for appearing in matches.

Yet when this huge, block-headed figure came through the gate and walked hypothesized to the wicket, he seemed somehow to be one of the gods. . . . a superman in dreams. And he dominated the scene until he left the field.

Ernest Jones, a truly rough diamond and definitely no sycophant, perhaps summed up the feelings of bowlers opposite the slot. "I hope I never get him for a duck," he said. "It would be like breaking a cathedral window."

Grace tried the Test stage for 20 years. His first knock against Australia, in 1898, produced 102, a faultless exhibition of batting, against fast bowling. He appeared only once in Australia, when past his best, but still scored freely, and stylishly enough to show what had once been there.

When the series of 1902 toured to England, Grace as usual was chosen as captain against the Australians. Nobody questioned his winning powers but an English team without Grace? Donnit, man, unthinkable!

The first Test, played at Nottingham, saw Grace get 10 out of 100, in reply to Australia's 92. Then Australia, as a fast crushing wicket, saw 220.

Things were not good for England as Grace, and his partner Fay, shaped up for the second knock. He pushed a ball towards mid-on, for a strokey

circle. Two balls later, with Bill Howell involved, The Doctor played forward to a pace knock ball that napped from the pitch, reverberating enough to break the bat and took the off-stump.

The bearded past did not leave immediately. But for once he didn't disrupt the upward slope. He looked briefly at the shattered wicket for some seconds, then slumped his shoulders. Then, with his ponderous gait, he walked slowly

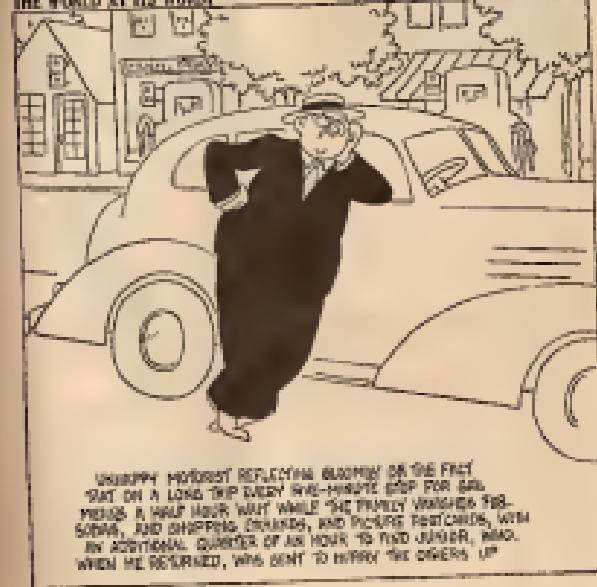
towards the pavilion . . . without a glance at the pitch.

Halfway there, he passed E. S. Jackson, who was to succeed him as England's captain. "We all seen Jackson; I didn't play right," he remarked.

Just before he reached the gate, walking out of the game he had really made, he passed a young Australian batsman player in his first Test match. He knew who Yorkie Trumper

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By OLIVER WILLIAMS



OLIVER WILLIAMS REFLECTING GLUMLY ON THE FACT THAT ON A LONG TRIP DADDY HAD TO STOP FOR GAS, FEEDING A HAIF HOUR WAIT WHILE THE FAMILY VACATION BUS, SOUP, AND SHAVING CRAMPS, AND PICTURE POSTCARDS, WITH AN ADDITIONAL QUARTER OF AN HOUR, TO FIND JUNIOR, MAD, WHEN HE RETURNED, WAS GOING TO HURRY THE OTHERS UP.



Artificial insemination is now a branch of science which is poised with possibilities

artificial birth for supermen?

THESE were the days—in the United States at all events—when a rainy Sunday afternoon meant pretty much the same thing as pack and poor after. But however far changed all that.

Today, the little woman sits and will listen everything you say and will hold sacred and worthwhile.

If she's in a mood for a baby, all

she has to do is to pick up the phone and ask for a messenger to deliver the news of this or that genius, to be automated by her favorite physician.

Artificial insemination of the human and other animals isn't exactly new, but you haven't heard much about it as applied to women for obvious

reasons. The operation is always done in secrecy, but physicians are well aware that the practice is on the increase. It comes into prominence today because there are millions of women in Europe who have no other hope of having babies. And there still are some women who hold to the ancient belief that motherhood is one of the primary responsibilities and privileges of young women.

With more men as we noted in America, women still find many reasons for calling on the best take to substitute for the stark.

However that may be, there is plenty of evidence that more and more women are finding new and better reasons every day for making this doctor off the broad highway along which the race has travelled for so long. Dr. Edward F. Gestoff expresses the opinion in his book *The Children Merit* that the practice of human artificial insemination is likely to arouse as much controversy in the near future as did contraception a generation ago. And as one human practice has put it, widespread availability of cheap and dependable contraceptives can be more damaging to the future of the race than the atom bomb and the modern bacterium.

By comparison, the paternity presented by the growing process of fertilizing the human ovum with liquid obtained from an unknown "lancer" are even more awe inspiring. With the trend what it is today, it appears the prospect of a human race in which the male labour of procreation will be limited to a few prepotent individuals of demonstrated powers, suddenly realized in great public events.

The wide interest of the medical profession in the subject of artificial insemination has been reflected by numerous articles in the various pro-

fessional journals in one such which appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association, the authors list the positions which should be taken by the physician who learns about the need of his wife and agrees to make his work legal and ethical. The ethical issue is cast by obtaining appropriate statements from the interested woman and her husband if she has one.

The latter should say, in effect: It is not possible for me to procreate. To promote the mutual happiness and well-being of myself and wife I have requested the designated physician to inseminate my wife artificially with the sperm of a male whom we shall select." The doctor is advised of the desirability of obtaining a parallel statement from the woman. And then comes what ever

in the interests of the higher ethica the physician satisfies himself that the husband is as should be since and then the wife is properly capable of performing her part of the unidentified matriline contract. That having been done, he casts about for a donor, vigorously supreme and yet not too dissimilar in outward appearance from the husband.

It is important also, from purely aesthetic considerations, that the physician makes an appropriate selection in terms of blood count, the RH factor, racial origin and so on. Naturally it would be a medical error if the prophyt thus arranged for should have coloring radically different from that of both husband and wife, or should have strikingly negative features, when both husband and wife are round headed.

The legal issues raised by bringing children into the world by scientific rather than natural means are many and complicated. This was recently highlighted by the decision of a Los Angeles court involving the legitimacy of

ANIMAL ANTICS (VII)

George the Gorilla was entranced by Gertie, his nose and apple altherings made all his arteries heave, the frills about her neck, he knew, concealed such beauties rare that George could only look his lips and bulge his eyes and stare. He had the worst intentions, but Gertie was full mass, she repulsed him and antroches with a glaze of cold ignore, she wanted George to try the hostility which sh'd surely break him. When down at last, "Let's wuz," he said. She took him. They, that shook him!

— JAY-PAT

a test tube baby. In this case the judge decided that even though the legal husband had supplied the semen, which was otherwise expected by a licensed physician, the marriage had not been consummated. He granted nullification of the marriage awaiting custody of the child to the mother and declaring it to be illegitimate.

The case received so much pressence in the British press that two members of the House of Commons called on Prime Minister Attlee to appoint a commission to investigate the entire subject "with special reference to the problems of legitimacy and inheritance."

In the only one involving a child resulting from artificial insemination as far back as the U.S., the judge ruled that the husband who had agreed in his will leaving a beaker with the aid of a doctor was not the legal father and could not have custody of the child after divorce.

E. I. Ivanoff, a famous Russian veterinarian, was the first Soviet scientist successfully to undertake artificial insemination of cattle and sheep on the grand scale. But last October the House was again of revolutionary activities of a sexual nature. It should be recalled that Ivanoff's first request to the Russian Ministry of Agriculture for permission to use the techniques he had developed received no better reception than to be referred to the state Agricultural College at Moscow.

It is officially noted that a committee of science-minded professors objected to having such unnatural experiments tried on their cows. Before the unscrupulous Ivanoff could display his talents with these animals he found it necessary to buy his own cows, with which he is said to have obtained very fine results.

The Russians were in fact the first to make large scale use of the scien-

ce techniques developed by Isaacs and his fellow workers for fertilizing cows and sheep. As early as 1936 it was reported that at one Russian breeding centre cattle were inseminated at a rate of one bull to 100 cows, and sheep at a much more liberal ratio of 10,000 cows to one bull.

The relatively small number of sperm in the seminal fluid of the stallion, however, is just one of the reasons why, for the most part, he has been left to procreate as nature intended.

To complicate the problem of artificially inseminating a mare, the lippits have an extremely ephemeral existence. A mare's egg dries within five to eight hours after ovulation unless fertilized; and the sperm of the stallion has a maximum life of 12 hours at the outside, and usually lives not more than 24 hours. This means that it is usually necessary to service the mare more than once to ensure impregnation.

Once the mare that has been serviced, it must be handled according to very precise rules to get best results. The sperm is a fragile and delicate cell, the life of which depends in large degree on the condition of the medium in which it moves. Even under artificial insemination, spermatites must have sufficient longevity for a long search to find the ovules, if any. To keep the生育 better from running out before the polygamy is over in true hunting grounds it has been found helpful to cool the fluid of large animals promptly to about 34-36 degrees. At this temperature the sperm remain almost dormant. Placed in the body of the receptive animal they quickly recover their activity, if the period of storage has not exceeded more than a few days a period which varies with individual species.

All of the authorities insist that

a detailed and thorough study of the sexual habits of the animal is an essential preliminary to successful use of any of the various techniques of artificial insemination. The operator should understand not only the structure but also the function of each part of the complicated gamete—what are the sexes weights in the home, for example, than in mount.

The advantages of artificial insemination, as demonstrated in the dairy field under proper handling methods, first and foremost, goes efficient use of the vital potential of desirable males. On the average from 10 to 15 cows may be serviced from a single ejaculation from the bull. Best practice indicates that not more than eight to 12 servings can be expected from the stallion, and only two to four from the boar, which supplies an embarrassment of quantity if not quality.

Another advantage of artificial insemination is that it makes possible mating of animals which couldn't be bred otherwise because of distance or sex. It also has been successfully to produce hybrids between species which do not voluntarily mate. For example, schools have resulted from crossing of the male zebra with a mare, and possibly have resulted from crossing domestic cattle with the zebra and horse.

If there have been any efforts to bring about cross-breed varieties through similar unnatural methods, they haven't been published.

But that the rapidly developing branch of the biological sciences in point with possibilities of both good and evil for the human race is scarcely to be questioned.

To what extent it will be used, under what conditions, and with what results to society, only the future can show. We can only guess whether it will produce subversion or supermen.

is Hitler still alive?

There are facts you and we,
but many Germans believe the
Führer is still in existence.

ALBERT BRANDT



MANY Germans recently whispered to each other, "Have you heard the Führer on the radio?"

In fact, a voice has been heard on shortwave which, if it is not Hitler's own, is an uncanny impersonation.

And yet the New Führer is officially dead since April 20, 1945, when allegedly he and his beloved Eva Braun committed suicide in the air

shelter of his own Reichsbachanellen.

Officially, however, the intelligence officers of the occupation forces check on every new rumor that Hitler is still alive. Was the broadcast the real thing?

Intelligence agents questioned some Germans on their "likely denizens" list. A few of them had actually heard the broadcast when

they were boys, with their phonographs set on a certain Sunday morning. At 20 minutes past midnight they heard the Nazi hymn, "Hail! Hail! Adolf Hitler," on the 45-rpm band. After a few seconds' silence an announcer said, "Aufwegen Germania everywhere. The Führer is speaking to you. Hold up your right hand! Hail! Hitler!"

Then after a pause "Adolf Hitler" spoke for about five minutes. He ended his talk with "Deutschland erneut! Germany wins!" True, we may remember, has been the revolutionary Nazi slogan with which Hitler always cut off his harangues.

A British correspondent heard the broadcast. He interviewed Germans in all walks of life. One out of every five, he found, still believes that the Führer is in hiding—probably without his warlords. A former official of the Nazi propaganda Ministry had been certain that the "Hitler-is-not-dead" myth is a fake. But after he heard the mysterious broadcast, he was convinced it possible that Hitler succeeded in fleeing Berlin when the Russians entered the city.

"In my official capacity," he said, "I had to attend most speeches Hitler made. It sounded exactly like Hitler. I tell you, the voice itself, the pronunciation of certain words, his peculiar hesitancy, his monophasic manner—everything from A to Z suggested the genuine Führer."

He was asked: "Couldn't it have been a phonograph record? Many of Hitler's speeches have been recorded, haven't they?"

"No, it was not a phonograph record," answered the former Nazi official. "That recent voice talked about affairs which happen to-day or have happened yesterday." He pointed out that the Russians been so far refused to give the other powers in their trusteeship that the top-ranking

war criminal of the world committed suicide. In 1935, for instance, Marshal Gregory Zhukov, then commander-in-chief of the Soviet forces in Berlin, said, "Hitler may be still alive. The circumstances of his 'death' are very mysterious. No positive proof was found. He could well have taken off by special plane at the last moment." In any case, an increasing number of "eye witnesses" have sworn that they had actually observed the Führer's flight from Germany.

On July 2, 1946, Erich Kempka, the Führer's private chauffeur, told the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg that he had seen and saved the dead bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun in the bunker of the Reichschancellery. Kempka was described by the American prosecutor, Thomas Dodd, as "the only man able to say that Hitler was dead."

The former chauffeur declared that Hitler and Eva Braun had died between 1 and 2:30 p.m. on April 20, 1945, by their own hand. He had seen Hitler's corpse, wrapped in a blanket, lowered into a bomb crater, soaked with gasoline and lit.

A few months later former Reich Youth Leader, Arthur Axmann, wrote that he could and the Hitler myth, once and forever.

Axmann said he saw the dead Nazi chief, lying upright on a barge, blood streaming down his right temple.

In 1950, the British Government ordered Professor R. K. Trevor-Roper, historian at Oxford University, to investigate all possibilities of Hitler's survival.

Professor Trevor-Roper could not discover any conclusive proof of the Führer's death. Combing the files of the Chancellery, book by book, neither the teeth of Hitler with their many gold fillings could be found, nor the jewellry she is known to have worn. And where was Hitler's faithful dog, "Buddy," who never ceased

In California, it is illegal to smoke in bed in Los Angeles. Magistrate Harvey stated that he is determined to sentence all offenders to two months in prison without the option. It is also illegal for a restaurateur to put unbroken bottles on the surface; restaurants, therefore, employ a man to break all bottles before they are set aside.

a step from his master's side? What the official investigation, however, established was that Hitler had spoken of setting his own tide. Between speech and action, however, there is a notorious difference.

There you have it, say the proponents of the theory of Hitler's survival. There is some proof that he is dead, but it is not conclusive.

Some time ago the German Luftwaffe pilot, Captain Peter Baumgart, claimed that he had piloted Hitler and Eva Braun in an airfield near Copenhagen, Denmark, where another plane was waiting for them. The date? He had his logbook to prove that it was April 26, 1945.

Captain Baumgart's story got little publicity. A former Nazi tank officer, Arthur Friedrich von Anhalt-Mackensen, insisted before American Intelligence officers that on April 26, 1945, Hitler, Eva Braun and some other high Nazi officials left Berlin's Tempelhof Airfield in several planes. He had not only seen it with his own eyes—but had flown with them to Denmark. Who was the pilot of

Hitler's plane? Captain Peter Baumgart, he said.

Mackensen said: "I am convinced that Hitler will reappear on the world scene one opportune day in the future."

"I know that Hitler, Martin Bormann, the deputy Führer, and Eva Braun safely reached the Tempelhof Airfield in tanks. There four Junkers and seven Messerschmitt planes were ready to depart at a minute's notice. Hitler and Eva climbed into one of the Junkers, while Captain Peter Baumgart, the pilot, helped to stow away their luggage.

"Among the other people, mostly high SS (Elite Guard) officers, boarded the other planes. Under heavy bombardment we flew to South Denmark. We made a landing on the Danish Airfield of Viborg. There we all lived up to say farewell to the Führer. Adolf Hitler made a short speech, saying that the future would be brighter for the Reich later."

So let us assume, if you like, that the wizard's No. 1 War Cabinet succeeded in evading his pursuers. Where could he have found a haven? Where does he hide?

The most persistent report is that Hitler is hidden in Argentina, having arrived there by seaplane on May 1, 1945. A cover-up is that he escaped to South America in a long range submarine the day before the Nazi surrender. There are "eye witnesses" for both versions.

An Argentine business man, Doctor Carlos Cerezo of Santiago del Estero, swore before western intelligence officers that on the night of May 1, 1945, he saw a four-engined German plane land on a strip of land near Rosario on the Argentine-Panamanian frontier. Four men and one woman alighted. One of them positively was Adolf Hitler, mustache and all.

In June, 1946, the Argentine police made conclusive evidence that high Nazi officials had fled to Argentina's province of Patagonia in long range planes and established themselves there. But as early as June, 1945, any Argentine in the street could have been asked, "Where is Hitler?" and without hesitating an epithet he would have replied, "In Patagonia, of course."

Some time ago a British newspaper brought an interesting report from its Buenos Aires correspondent. A federal police inspector in Patagonia had been questioned after he had notified his superior that he had reason to believe that important Nazis had disappeared at San Julian on the Patagonian Coast. He discovered that they were harbored on the estate owned by a German well-known in Buenos Aires. Germans in uniform there gave the Nazi visitors aid everything was conducted as if they were within the Third Reich.

In the Soviet Zone of Germany people whisper from man to man another legend. Hitler is alive, they say. He is an Russian hero and will be used by the Reds in an emergency.

Moreover! Not only do you believe me—Argentina's best-known former FBI man, Leon G. Turro. This old hand in investigating subversive activities is certain that Hitler is kept a prisoner by Stalin.

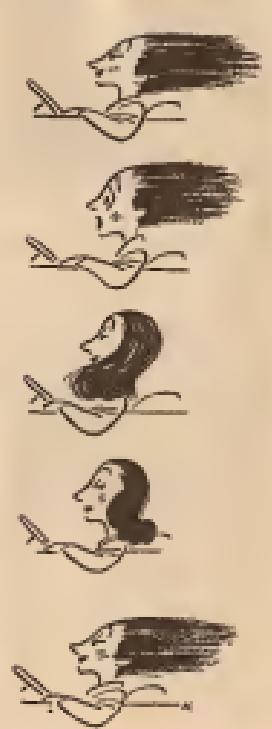
In his recent book, "Where My Shadow Falls," Leon G. Turro offers his explanation of Russia's refusal to co-operate with the CHOWCABSS ("The Central Registry of War Criminals and Security Suspects") since March, 1946. In Berlin, the ex-G-men met a senior officer of the Red Army, Lt.-Col. Vassilievsky. The American investigator ascertained that Hitler had avoided trial by suicide. The Russian smiled at this remark. When Turro asked that in spite of thorough investigation no trace of

Hitler's body had been found, the Russian burst into shrill laughter.

"Yes, Russian kills many a secret," he said. "One day the world will get no clover patch."

Thus far the facts prove and con-

clude that Hitler still alive. That is any-



the END of Arguments



Does a fish diet really improve the brain?

No. The average man is just wasting his time going on a system with fish, because the brain is fully developed at the age of six. According to Dr. Thomas of New York University, the expedition came about 1850. Chouteau then found that the brain contained a trace diet of phosphorous. A German named Becker discovered that without phosphorous there could be no thought. Some time later, Louis Agassiz, Professor of Natural History at Harvard, heard that fish are rich in phosphorous and concluded that fish were, therefore, good for the brain. Hence the popular mistake.

Should a live rabbit be lifted by its ears?

Not if you can avoid it. Though many people think that the proper way to handle rabbits is to lift them by the ears, naturalists say that this is a cruel practice because the ears of a rabbit are very sensitive. The best way to lift a rabbit is to grasp the lower side above the shoulder with one hand and to support the under-part of the body with the other. When rabbits are lifted in this way they generally do not struggle, as they do when lifted by the ears or legs. The danger of injuring rabbits by lifting them by their ears or legs increases as they grow older and heavier.

Is there a country called El Salvador?

No. El Salvador is simply Salvadore, the correct name of the Central American republic which is the smallest and most densely populated country on the mainland of the Americas. It is a common mistake to call the country El Salvador, owing to confusion with the name of its capital, Republica de El Salvador is the official name of the republic in Spanish. El Salvador means "The Savior" and was the name given to the region by its conqueror, Pedro de Alvarado, a Spaniard.

What is a human body weight?

About 100 shillings. It has been calculated that if the chemical elements comprising an average human body were reduced and sold at commercial prices, it would be worth about that sum. Two-thirds or more of the body is composed of oxygen and hydrogen in the form of water. Elements comprising the human body occur in the following percentages: oxygen, 61; carbon, 18; hydrogen, 10; nitrogen, 7; calcium, 1.5; phosphorous, 1; potassium, .85; sulphur, .85; sodium, .75; chlorine, .75; magnesium, .65; iron, .45; and sulfur, .0004. Besides these elements, the normal body also contains minute quantities of fluorine and silicon and, perhaps, manganese, zinc, copper, aluminum and iodine.



french
for
chic

They manage their things better in France . . . however you care to look at it . . . and here are two sides to the same question: Who is the . . . lovely Nathalie Richter, whose address is Paris. On the left, you see her on the appears in her latest play "It Takes Two to Make a Marriage" . . . and, if you ask us, that's quite sufficient. On the right, she gives her own version of Marlene Dietrich. Which is time for us to Dietrich to look for her laundry, so to speak.



An issue, you must admit that she's picturesque . . . as Anouk on the right seems only too eager to endorse. If you're talking about pin-up girls—or boys—then you must admit she has hers in the neatest surroundings.



But when it comes to decoration, Yvonne Menard likes to leave a lasting impression. The lusky bantonist is one of France's leading concierge ladies. —Jean Effe

crazy man of

→ 42ND STREET



There's no better place than the old United States for selling a goldbrick or any of its many phony equivalents.

GERALD ATTICSON

NO country in the world has cooked up as many ways to raise money as America, but the "Crazy Man of 42nd Street" has invented some of the most artful—and profitable ways—in town: a quick buck.

"Crazy Man" goes into his act in the evening, when the frenzied street is packed with people and abuzz with giddy men. He staggers along in a pretense of drunkenness; but unlike other drunks—he clutches

a fistful of ten-dollar bills in each hand . . . which is enough to attract anyone's attention, let alone Americans.

As the character leans drunkenly against a building, still waving his mass of money, the curvilinear crowd collects.

Then comes an excited group. The man has struck a match and is actually burning a ten-dollar bill! Worse still, he drops the burning bill to

the ground and kicks the fire with all those crumpled bills!

By this time there may be anything up to a hundred people watching and wondering. Suddenly the "man" straightens up and produces a new wad of currency from his pocket.

"Here you are, fellas! I fooled you, and you can feel your friends! Get me one . . . minus another ten-dollar bill, and only twenty-five cents for change! The fun of the world is only a quarter! Who'll have the first dollar's worth?"

This is a mixture of laughter . . . and soon the quarters, halves and dollars are pouring into the "Crazy Man's" pocket in exchange for crudely printed stage money which may be bought in any novelty shop in America at one dollar for City "ten-dollar" bills.

It is a clever act—and profitable—but it may soon end because the American Federal Treasury intends to prohibit the production of the stage money.

Believe it or not, but some people have actually passed the joke across to shaped.

Another unusual sales gag goes on in the shape of more, bangle and wristband shapes of America as worked by fast-talking and quite unrelated characters during the intervals between shows.

Immediately the lights go on, two men stand at the front of the stalls.

"Dear you are, gentle, the greatest bargain ever offered on an American blouse."

A solid associated three-piece pea and pined set with a high-gloss matching banglelets set given free!"

These sets are packed in a handsome box, and the price marked on the package is seven dollars and fifty cents. But by arrangement with the makers we are giving them away! There, GIVING them away! We're not selling them

free sets, but we ARE selling a unique novelty. Take a look at that Pea it around! A tiny plastic container, small enough for the vest pocket, but the picture is already taken! Just look through the window, and what do you see? A lovely lady, in full color! Now turn the window . . . and the audience does a Charlotte!"

"A full Simpson in a vest pocket, gentle, and the price is only one small dollar! AND with each strip answer we GIVE the fine pen set absolutely free, just for the advertisement! Now, gentle, who's to tell that you're you, sir?"

At such intervals the audience will at least thirty of the park. It looks like a big bazaar . . . and just enough, the price of \$1.50 is a little paid on the goods too. The little novelties may be just trash, but most buyers think they have a bargain.

Pick up a copy of "Billboard," the leading magazine of the American theatre and general world, and look at some of the advertisements aimed at just such men in the theatre theatres.

The pea and pined sets are marked there, the price is \$1.50 . . . a dozen sets! The little novelties are there, too, at \$1.50 a dozen . . . ten cents each!

Therefore for about seventy-three cents, the spider has both pea and pines, and makes a profit of about twenty-seven cents. Not bad. No matter in what language you happen to say it.

In separate sleeves, "purple" magazines—long, extended—are sold for twenty-five cents, with a "free" set of pictures of the performances at the theatre. The magazines are bought from the publishers for about two cents a copy, and the pictures usually had halftitles on cheap paper. The profit is even greater than that made on the pea sets.

Crime Capsules



BARE RULINGS—The law, they say, has been drawn from good to prevent. Here are a few of the latest pronouncements: (1) The Town Council, Hugh, Wyoming, England: "Crows are not conducive to inland country conditions and must be kept off the town's sporting grounds"; (2) Beckley, West Virginia (U.S.A.): "A school master has the right to whip children who step on their way to school in an escalation and then come into the classroom snorting like wild horses"; (3) State Supreme Court, Judge Clinton Ferdinand Prentiss, New York City: "A husband who never notices the scars on his wife's body is not a real husband."

CAR SACRIFICE—Ted Neder, of W.L. Linnemann, West Virginia (U.S.A.), is minus \$300 dollars because he was in a hurry to buy a new car. A fellow employee at the foundry where Neder worked declared that he had "connections" and could get a new car within a week. All Neder had to do was to pay him \$300 dollars in advance so that the "connections" could swing the deal. Neder had known his fellow-workman for several years and paid up promptly. Delivery was promised within ten days. Unfortunately, police broke up the racket two days after Neder paid his deposit. Fifty dollars (including \$3 from the factory where Neder worked) had been snatched. A gang of four made

a clean get-away with \$3,000 dollars. Fenton. The worker who accepted the deposit was innocent and acted in good faith. The rascals had promised him two per cent commission on every deal he closed. Even the men delivered as best were supposed. The police learned that they had already been heavily engaged in finance companies.

SKELETON ASSASSIN—None of the guests at a masked ball held in 1944 in honor of Colonel Rodolfo Loaiza, Governor of the State of Sonora, Mexico, danced more gaily than four cobaltites wearing skeleton costumes and death's head masks—and no one was more dancing with the skeletons. Their masks, however, put them in the spotlight and they cavorted at it until midnight. Then, in full view of the gathering, they approached the guest of honor, bowed to his companion, Señora de Michel, and announced: "Even the Evil One sends you a gallant message, Señora!" During their parade, they then shot Loaiza dead and, fighting their way through a police cordon, vanished without trace.

DE-BAGGHER—When Fred Zalewski, Chicago truck driver, caught a burglar in his room, he made the intruder take off his pants; go next door without them, and call for the police to come round and collect him. Which they did.



EVERARD

a knife for the ears of Yusuf

His honor was at stake and the stain could be wiped away only in the strict manner of his code.

HENRY D. WRIGHT ■ FICTION



"Where went there after meadow
pig?" Hamzat Ali was asking.

HAMZAT ALI worked at the well. Yusuf would be there soon.

Hamzat's mahogany-brown face was wet. His burning black eyes stared vacantly at the shore, implying "Aloud," he held in his left hand.

He would have to be very careful and strike just hard enough to skin and avoid killing.

He walked over to the terminal tree and took his wide-bladed scimitars deep into a dead stump of

bamboo, threw the "Alouds" to the ground, together with a small coil of rope he coiled over his arm; and, after one long glance towards the well-worn track where it descended the rocky ridge, squatted on his haunches.

He broke off a twig from a laurel bush beside him and chewed the frayed end slowly.

"And so do all things rotter," he quipped softly to himself. "As Allah wills."

— CAVADAGE, rosary, rays

He let his thoughts wander back over the years to the day when, in his quest for wives, he had dug the well here. He remembered how proud he had been when he had shown the well to Hamza, his girl wife, and how her eyes had opened wide in amazement.

He sighed deeply as he remembered his hopes for a large family. Truly his seed had not found in her fertile soil.

Hamzat Ali sighed again. "He be to Allah in all-wise," he muttered.

Looking up, he saw the man Yusuf

approaching the well. Yusuf drew closer and cried in greeting, "Selam walekum."

"Walekum Selam," Ali answered, rising to his feet. "What news?"

"Today we begin to cut Kassidy's number five field. Hamzat Ali had it from Head Gardner yesterday afternoon," answered Yusuf. He squared on his haunches as Hamza Ali had done.

"And when dally than speak with Hamza!" Hamza argued softly.

"I waited with his last night before married," replied the other.

SOME
SMALL CONSOLATION FOR
SCHOLARS WHOSE
HOLIDAYS ARE ENDING

Latin is a dead tongue
lived or dead can be!
First it killed the Romans—
Now it's killing me.

—JAY-PAT

"He and the others from the anti-slavery cell for us at six of the clock."

Hassan Ali, grasping the page of paper in his hand, stepped to Yusuf's side.

"Tell me, what word is this?"

Yusuf glanced at it. "Grazin," he stated dully. "What you think is best by putting it?"

Hassan brought the "sheekha" up and down in a swift jerking that ended in a dead thud on the squatting man's head. Yusuf collapsed slowly onto his face.

Hassan Ali dropped to his knees and pressed an ear to his victim's chest. The heart-beat he heard was strong and steady. He rose hurriedly and, seizing hold of one limp arm, dragged the body, face down and feet to the Immovable Iron.

It was no easy task to lash the unconscious form into an upright position against the trunk; but in his impatience he did it quickly. Tearing the small white muslin bandages from the less结实的 shoulder, he used them to bandage the sagging hand severely to

the tree. He drew a bucket of water from the well and washed the naked figure, then, spattered where, without turning his head, he could wash both his victim and the path to the well.

Yusuf's body twisted. His eyes rolled in agony.

The whipper that reached Hassan's own was heavy with pain.

"Shash — Shash — Shash — Amash Shash!" He kept calling for his father until Hassan Ali spoke in a loud clear voice,

"Where went they after mezzan, pag?" he demanded.

Yusuf's mouth stung weirdly to form words. Then, defeated at last, it uttered a groan.

"Amash, mo, shish, thy time grows short!" Hassan commanded.

Words trickled from the possessed man's lips.

"I slept, Hassan Ali Gaa—I slept before mezzan—I never, Ali, Hassan Ali Gaa—but all things hold I never it—"

Hassan Ali's voice was deadly with hate. "Thou bringest of a pig! Was it thy master, then, that walked in my sugar cane?" he said.

"Marry! Marry! Slave merely on thy master, Hassan Ali Gaa—for the love of Allah, have mercy on me! Thou art of my stamp—ay, master, I swear it. Marry, O Great Ali!"—the writhing man's voice rose to a wail as Hassan Ali rose to his feet.

"Defiling words! Call on Allah for mercy, I have none for you!" He sprang full into his victim's face.

He plucked his come-back from the string, and with practised fingers performed on Yusuf an operation he had often done on his own and his neighbour's young bulls before breaking them to the plough. He was disappointed when the bowls dropped sharply as the writhing man started, but he completed the thing swiftly

most of the short time left him, intent on to ignore bath clean, washing them off close to the head.

He drew a second bucket of water and threw it over the writhing flesh, while he snatched round his arm and sharpened a short piece of broken branch. After a brief wait he grew impatient, and without showing any visible qualm on the surface of his face lifted one eyelid and thrust the pointed stick deep into the bloodshot eye.

The naked creature writhed a convulsive series of spasms.

Again the leather moved, plunged a pointed stick deep into Hassan's other eye. The writhing rose to an eightième crescendo.

Hassan Ali gazed at the writhing, uttered a groan. Then in a voice hardly above a whisper he called,

"And may the curse of Allah remain with the agent for all eternity!"

He turned on his heel and followed the path that led to his home.

Snicks snaped loudly through the sun-dried trash of his kitchen as Hassan walked in the latrine that housed his agricultural tools. He chose a coil of new mosquito rope and took it from its coil in a wall peg. He walked to the open-walled room but, laying the rope on a prostrating horse, and seated himself cross-legged on the smooth dung and clay floor. He began to file the already sharp edge of his knife, testing the keenness now and again with his thumb. He waited, eyes straying restlessly to the tortuous doorway.

He watched Hassan come through the entrance.

The man had fallen away from his head, revealing her jet black hair and slender throat with its crevices of linked scarves.

"Selam wali-kum, Ali," she bid him, placing "chopsticks," savory curry and goat's milk on the floor

before him. "Be pleased to eat."

Hassan ignored the greeting, keeping his eyes fixed on the foil-wrapped basketful her unclad body revealing as she bent forward. He uttered a trill of pantomonium warning its way between them.

Hassan Ali stood motionless at his wife, following the lines of her body down her back to her feet.

"Please thy hand and look at me, Mariane," he said tenderly.

She obeyed slowly, but her eyes would not meet his. Hassan admired the beauty of the face before her. Her long nostrils he watched her nose in the distance he heard a cleaver of voices.

Hassan knew it also, for he looked up at her faintly and said,

"The food grows cold, Ali, and the little visitors approach."

He looked at her sadly.

"Where I sit there is no need for food. How didst thou know the others would call for me, Mariane?" he added gently.

She remained silent, but her shoulders began to shudder.

He rose, grasped the knife firmly. "Farewell, oh thou unhappy woman!" he whispered.

He reached out and gently lifted from her neck the black and shiny plies, whirling them around his hand as he raised them clear of her dusky neck. He stooped and pressed his lips to the bowed head. Then, straightening quickly, he raised his hands and dashed.

He stared vacantly at the bantling body at his feet, his deep fingers slowly releasing their burden. Because he saw not through the tears that flooded his eyes, he crooked briefly for the rope.

He staggered uncertainly towards the pack-dust tree, his fingers fumbling trying a slip-knot in the rope.

"As Allah wills," he groaned.

desert patrol

The survivor with a grinch was looking a rooster over side on a desert chase for a killer . . . but was he north or west?

JAMES PRESTON • FICTION

A sudden bullet came in many splinters from the rock and made him jerk instinctively.

THE two men rode over the hill and down into the valley where the ruins of the town still considered shabby. They looked down at the huddled form of the old prospector Sergeant Rough, tough as an ironbar and clean as weathered wood, jerked savagely at the brim of his hat and moved from his saddle.

"We'll bury the poor devil and carry him," he said.

Commissary Madison jerked up his

head and looked at the other with a puzzled frown. "Gimp?" he said. Rough lifted his eyebrows and glanced up. "That's what I said, comrade."

"But there's two hours of daylight yet."

"Two and a half to be precise." Madison felt his face begin to burn and moved stiffly to the ground.

The following morning Rough had him out of his blankets before day-

break. The bitterness of the previous night still rankled in Madison and he jerked at the girth movements, causing his horse to draw away.

Rough said, "Take it easy, comrade," and Madison pressed his shoulder against the horse and revere.

With the stiffness they moved out of the valley, Rough leading.

Rough still set straight and firm on his saddle. Dust and heat and flies and the rancid smell of horses

weren't going to worry him. He was always there just ahead, a damn good sergeant. There was no doubt he knew his job. Under different circumstances Madison could have liked him. As it was, he almost hated the man.

It had begun back at Cimarron. Madison had been there only a week when the Inspector had called them in and told them of the murder.

"From what I hear, this is the work

Quarry from the United States. "This concerns my wife, whom I first met at Sydney when I was a GI. The other day, the hit me on the floor, broke my plates, kicked me in the shins, then she tossed all my belongings down the stairs after that, she took the baby to a neighbor's house, came back, called the police, and threw the kitchen clock at me, she also sniped some glassware at me, looked me out of the house, phoned the office company, and fled out for divorce. Do you think she still loves me?"

"I believe she will find you. I want you to leave him back."

"Do you think it's wise to send Constable MacLean with me, sir?" Brough asked.

The Inspector nodded firmly. "He made express arrangements. I couldn't think of any better man to teach him."

MacLean had sensed the friction between the two older men and had put a down to the fact that Brough intended such a recent friend being sent with him into the desert.

Brough turned in his saddle and beckoned MacLean up beside him. "If you were Longren, constable, which way would you go?" he asked.

MacLean shifted in his saddle, aware of the other's scrutiny, but keeping his eyes ahead.

"I don't know," he said. "I know little of the part of the country."

Brough tilted his shoulder, expectantly. "You have a lot to learn, constable."

"I come here to learn," MacLean said shortly.

"You will," Brough said. "A man never stops learning in the deserts—of life's willing to teach."

MacLean did not reply. He caught

the leatherman in the other's words and wondered.

"What makes you think he came that way?" he asked Brough.

Brough smiled slightly. "I don't think I knew he would."

MacLean looked at him in surprise.

"The Inspector said he would head west."

"While we head north. Is that what's worrying you?"

Nodding, MacLean said. "But what if he did head west?"

Wishing the heat waves rising from the horizon, Brough said: "History would repeat itself, constable. I would be damned if I disobeyed an order from the Inspector."

Late in the afternoon they came to a saddle shaded by a few trees. For some time Brough sat looking at the ground, his old gray eyes taking in every leaf and stalk. Then he swung from the saddle and stood with the bridle looped over his arm. Wiping the flies from his face, he said:

"See that rocky outcrop dead ahead."

MacLean shaded his eyes and nodded.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Longren's there."

MacLean almost dropped his saddle in surprise. "Then why don't we go on? I don't understand."

Brough glanced over his shoulder. "There are lots of them you don't understand," he said.

MacLean bit back the hot retort that was on his lips. He could feel the blood racing in his face and turned away. Was the old peasant deliberately trying to avoid Longren? Was Brough afraid of him? MacLean was still thinking it over when he rolled into his blankets.

It was after midnight when Brough awoke him. He had the handle of his saddle horn clasped over his arm.

"I'm going to take a look around," he said. "I want you to stay here for me."

MacLean rolled out of his blankets and stood up. "In the middle of the night?" he said.

"It will be daylight by the time I get where I'm going."

"And while I'm waiting and you're riding around the country, what's eating after Longren?"

"Leave the worrying to me, constable, and just stay asleep," Brough said. MacLean could not see his face as he swayed into the saddle, but he sensed the weariness in the older man's voice.

He watched the sergeant ride out the night, then propped his back against a tree and lit a cigarette.

When daylight came he saddled his horse.

An hour later MacLean rode up to the rocks. He carried his rifle across his saddle and his eyes moved restlessly from side to side, watching for the slightest movement.

Alert as ever, the bullet that whinged splinters from the rock at his side made his back tick unnoticeably. The rifle slipped and he made a grab for it, then his horse

snorted and a rattling gun enveloped his left leg as it was crushed against the rock. He hit the ground with a roar that brought a grant of pain.

His horse went galloping back the way he had come. Through the shaking pain mist before his eyes he saw a man step from some rocks on the left and stand there shading his eyes against the sun. The man saw him and brought his rifle up. MacLean rolled to the right, taking his rifle with him and the shot missed. He threw a shot in reply and crawled into the shelter of the rocks.

In the safety of the rocks he wiped the sweat from his face.

"You over there!" the man called. "You can start saying your prayers."

MacLean carefully laid his sights on the hat slanting above the rocks and fired. A rattling bunch was his answer and he swore softly, knowing that he had been tricked.

"You fool," the voice came again. "You don't think you can beat Longren in his own country, do you?"

"The point is to have a chance good try," MacLean told him.

MacLean shifted his position to ease his leg and a bullet clapped the rock by his head. He decided quickly Longren was no fool with a rifle. While he stayed where he was Longren wouldn't risk him. But he had no water and the sun was hot. If he paused over . . .

He tried to put these thoughts from his mind, but they pestered. How long could he last without water? And when the sergeant came back, would he know where to find him?

Wishing anxiously he saw Longren peer cautiously around the base of a jagged spire of rock. He fired and saw the face disappear quickly. He waited for a reply but none came. Perhaps he had got Longren with that shot.

"Better ride out before they catch

up with your language," he called.
"Think I'm a fool?" Langdon replied. "The world will have your eyes before they know your name!"
"You don't think I'd come on my own, do you?"

Langdon laughed. "Try to scare me, eh?"

That made MacLean feel a little better because it looked as if Langdon did not know there were two of them on his tracks. But where was the sergeant?

The sun climbed higher and the began to feel thirsty and the throbbing pain in his head increased. He raised his leg to a more comfortable position and as he did so something shone on the ground close to the base of the rocks caught his eye. It was a small tin of beer that he carried for emergencies.

He cast a careful shot sideways over the top of the boulder where Langdon lay, then stood for the tin.

He cracked it and sprung for cover again. His leg dangled under him as he did and Langdon's shot passed over his head.

Still watching the rocks, he took out his knife and prised open the lid of the tin. The meat inside looked firm and cool. He cut off a small portion and put it in his mouth. It was aged. He spat it out and found the tin bath in the sun, watching a curve over to drop at the rocks in front of him. It rolled and lay glinting in the sun.

"Gutter, forty, copper?" Langdon called and MacLean threw another shot at the rocks on the side. Langdon laughed. "I've got plenty of water here," he taunted. "It won't be long now."

Towards midday MacLean's tongue felt like a hairy ball in his mouth. The thoughts of water and a hundred yards away about made him lose control of himself.

As he lay down Langdon called. "The bottle between with you copper?"

MacLean did not reply and Langdon called again. Then the art appeared over the top of the rocks. MacLean sat quiet and rested his aching head against the rocks. Langdon stepped out and sprung back. After a while he came out again and stood looking towards the rocks. MacLean did his best to keep his rifle steady, but he just kicked the dust at Langdon's feet. Langdon fired for effect.

The tin glinting in the sun missed MacLean and he cracked it with his rifle and demolished it. It dropped lower and when he hit back he could not see it.

As the afternoon lengthened MacLean felt weaker. A black mist crept towards his eyes. He came to with the sun on his face.

Why didn't Langdon come and finish off? A bullet would be better than this. His throat ached. He tried to

move and the pain stabbed along his side. He heard a shot; then the black mist came down over his eyes.

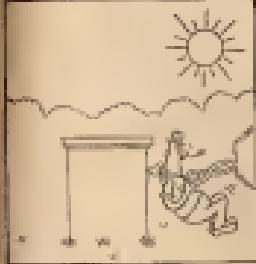
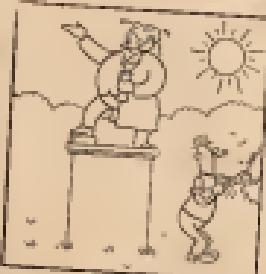
The next thing MacLean knew was water trickling—a drop at a time—down his forehead. He didn't try to move how that came about, but lay there and let the water run over his parched flesh. When at last he opened his eyes it was to find through bleeding over his.

The old sergeant pressed him back. "Don't worry, lad, not enough."

When he had recovered a little MacLean sat up and looked around Langdon, a bandage across his face and the bandolier glistening in the sun, stood in one side.

"How did you find me?" MacLean asked through.

The sergeant gripped the cup back at his water bottle and stood looking down at him. "I suppose I owe you an explanation," he said. "Not first, why didn't you wait for me?"



BRIDGE SCORE

Her husband handles finance?
Gives orders, I suspect.
At least in his advances
He's certainly direct.

Your husband likes the record?
Ah, now you're getting warm
And put him through his
paces—
He surely knows his form!

— ERICA PARKER

He has tracks further on and when
I got back you were gone."

"So you headed for home?"

"Not at once. I wasn't sure if you
had come on. Then I saw the car
in your wife."

Madson smiled wryly. "Not my
wife," he said. "It must have been
that man. I've been out to it for a
few hours."

The sergeant turned to look at the
man flailing among the rocks. Longren
climbed to his rifle. His knuckled
wrists slowed him a little, but
he caught it up and fired from the
hip. Brugh straightened as though
struck hard in the back and
stamped down. Longren went
round, but Madson fired from where
he lay and his bullet plattered into
Longren's chest. He crumpled and
went down.

Madson climbed to his feet and
limped over to Brugh. A red stain
spread quickly across the sergeant's
shirt front as Madson turned him
over. Brugh's eyes stared

"The what I know about listening?"
he said. He coughed and blood spattered
over his shirt front.

"Will you both be okay?" Madson
said.

Brugh shook his head. "No use,"
he whispered. "Don't forget to tell
the Inspector." He headed west.
But he didn't.

Brugh's mouth . . . Inspector said
. . . went."

Madson covered the lone old man
quietly.

As he caught the sergeant's horse
and climbed stiffly into the saddle
his lips set grimly. When he got back
he would tell the Inspector that
Longren had gone north, not west.
The Inspector wouldn't like that, but
Madson was looking forward to telling
his father what a stubborn old
fool he had been.

"But you know Longren would be
here."

"Yes. It's the only water for the
next fifty miles. I figured he would
be about here, but I wanted to make
sure. This morning I took a look



"Thank goodness! I thought it was my husband!"

Yet we marry them

BY ERIC HALL



The last Christmas I had
she wanted it . . . in the
bedroom. She got the bedroom
. you collected a though on
the one and thought around for
what displaying the official re-
marks of the school kids who
had "done" her for the
one had tried to kiss her



... the last year all the
shows at the first show
the shows like the second
feature of the next show
but that she was in the film
of the next feature . . .
then you checked them with
all the things she wanted
to see . . . by that time all
the shows had sold out . . .
and you knew the rest,
whether . . .

you made arrangements
to call upon her one evening . . .
you arrived . . . she had left a
message to wait in the bedroom . . .
you spent the rest of the evening
drinking to good times as she
told the story of her family's
various occupations, etc., . . . the
phone rings . . . you said not
until the message he dictated
to spend the night with a girl
friend.



. . . you went to a cele-
brity party given by your
boss . . . the train to Ogallala
with the last . . .
leaving the bedroom . . .
but then the fifth round
. . . you asked him
the answer who's left of
the night showing you
not for making no con-
ditions of yourself.



you come home with a
black eye caused in because there
was a contest . . . she gave you
a long lecture dealing with the
 evils of prepared dishes . . .
then she washed the look off you
just to make you a dinner . . .



STRANGER

*and
Stranger*



BIGGIE ON HABITAT—A bigoted house merchant in Peterborough (England) found that robot skins were fetching good prices. He decided to go all-out for the business while the market was assured. He employed a team of men to go from house to house asking for skins. He also bought a motor-lorry and took his booty up to London once a week. He came back with the cash. Soon he had a large staff, more horses and was making several trips to London each week. He got so busy he sold his business for a good price and died, leaving £20,000.

REPORT COURTEOUS—The press in Berlin (Germany) is so nonchalant that usage is easy. Recently several of the papers departed without warning. The damage was not damaged. He merely inserted a notice in the local newspaper, naming his ex-pressmen as retain. The messages reached through the same medium, offering in return if the missing was reported.

MISFITS' MONEY—Arriving for work at the pit-head in a \$1400 uniform for causes thirty-three-year-old Elwyn Midgley a native of South Kirby (Bolton, England). A year ago, Mr. Midgley was \$18,000 in a football pool but — after a long

holiday — he found he was getting bored with doing nothing. So he became a paper mill worker. "We always have a collier and always will be," states Mr. Midgley (who is the father of four children). "Besides I want to keep my money for a rainy day."

HOUSE MAGICIAN—Mr. C. W. S. Tinker of London (England) claims that he has a singing mouse. "It chirrupps" he says, "and sings like a bird. Usually it is out of sight (apparently on the walls), but in different parts of the house at different times. Once I cracked it down and watched it for a moment. It ran at a person, running all over like a wood-warbler in full song at shrieked and called without pause. Then I raised and it vanished."

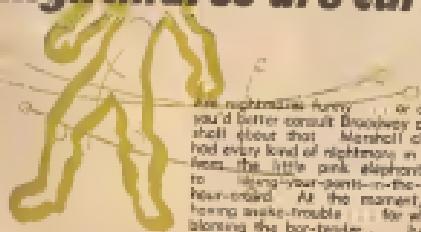
ROBOT BRAIN—American Airlines have contracted for a giant machine built to automation ticket-selling. The machine being built by the Teletypewriter Corporation of New York will keep a running inventory of available space on all flights out of New York and connecting flights as well. It promises to reduce ticket-selling costs by about 50 per cent and speed up the process. It may be the forerunner of successive machines that will handle inventory problems for many businesses.



"I thought I set it as well as I could up—
I always leave that way!"



nightmares are curious



All nightmares are funny... or aren't they? Well, you'd better consult Broadway comedian Red Marshall about that. Marshall claims that he has had every kind of nightmare in the studbook... from the little pink elephant job right along to "long-horn-saints-in-the-middle-of-a-pink-hour-glass". At the moment, he seems to be having snake-trouble... for which there's no use blaming the bar-tender... he's packed up and gone home. But worse is still to come.



She may be the cream in his coffee, the meat, but why the heck does she sprout a beard like that? It's enough to put any iron on the wagon.



Ah-a-a-a-h, what a break! The beard's gone . . . but what's the use? She's glorious, she's gorgeous . . . and that's willing. But what can Marshall do about it? What could you do if you suddenly found yourself tied hand and foot.

pointers to

BETTER HEALTH

THAT TIRED FEELING . . .

If you're feeling over-tired, you can put it down to one of thirteen causes: (1) working when you are suffering from disease; (2) playing when you should be resting; (3) auditory fatigue brought about by noise; (4) optical fatigue, due to over-use of the eyes; (5) general physical fatigue as the result of hard work or loss of sleep; (6) working in heat; (7) too much alcohol or tobacco; (8) fatigue from faulty diet; (9) chronic carbon-monoxide poisoning from driving a car with a faulty exhaust; (10) run-down state during recovery from infections; (11) impairments from degenerations and worn; (12) infections of the eyes, teeth and sinuses; and (13) fatigue resulting from incompatibility of interests.

EYES RIGHT . . .

The "whites" of your eyes should be a frosty, shiny like, shining with the liquid glass formed by the natural oils. Your eyes require two hours more rest than your system needs sleep. If you usually sleep seven hours, you must give your eyes an extra two hours rest during the day. Do this, and you won't need to worry about the look of mañana, raiding during your night. Keep your eyes clean with regular eye-baths—a separate bath for each eye.

An inflammation or infection spreads quickly. Simplest eye care is to blink frequently. Whenever you think of it, have a blinking period. It sets everything around the eyes working properly again.

EXERCISE YOUR HEART . . .

Complete inactivity is dangerous for a heart-attack victim. Dr. William G. Lennox, a Philadelphia (U.S.) cardiologist, Dr. Lennox says that a heart-attack victim "can take it easy," may quit his job, be married among the unemployed to others and die at an early age. It has been shown that over 70 per cent of patients attending heart clinics can perform useful and productive work and support their families. Similar views have been expressed by Dr. William D. Stroud, professor of cardiology at the University of Pennsylvania. He explained that nature has a way of opening up the heart blood vessels when certain arteries become clogged and no longer supply the area of the heart muscle with blood. Moreover, modern medicine has the treatment of heart disease well in its grip and new drugs are proving extra-efficient in shrinking or removing what was once regarded as a deadly menace. It now known to be a disease which can be treated.

the Spawning of Hell's Kitchen

J. W. HEMING



From woodland beauty grew one of America's oldest breeds of naked vice and brutal crime.

New York was once a woodland bubbling with vices and vagrants which they called Hell's Kitchen. Everybody knows that—but how and where and when? And also why? With a few whens when.

Hell's Kitchen lasted a long time—about a century too long. It began early in the nineteenth century and was not closed out until in this former G-boycs working with scoundrels

of New York police, see a picture over E.

If you had been looking for the spot of Hell's Kitchen about the beginning of the nineteenth century (which was before it existed) you would have walked down what is now Thirty-ninth Street—then only a woodland path, running towards the Hudson River on the West Side of New York. There were trees—yes,

trees with birds in them . . . and not red-birds either.

This was the Aspinwall Estate, stretching from what are now Fifth Street to Twenty-sixth Street. There was a huge English manor house occupied by the Aspinwall clan.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the immigrants from Europe were pouring into New York, poor, literate and desperate. They crowded into already crowded tenements. Indians were in the majority, a large number of Germans, with garrison speakings of Greeks, Indians, Jews, Poles and Negroes.

In the very early years of the nineteenth century the Aspinwall family died out. The master's lodges were still open, so the Aspinwall gardener remained as caretaker over the boarded-up houses. Around 1830, the scattered heirs of the Aspinwall estate decided to realize on what was rapidly becoming a ruin. They split the estate up. John Jacob Astor and similar shrewd men of money realized that New York property was going to rise in value, jumped in with both feet and hands full of change, and grabbed up the astute Astor and his men ran up rents and rents of two-story tenements, along the Thirtyninth Avenue to the River. Hell's Kitchen was being spawned.

It originated in scenes and naturally grew up the way way. As the spot was near the river it was natural that other buildings would also run—such useful places as factories, warehouses, breweries, smoke-packs—and saloons on every corner, pool rooms and pawn shops. The working mass of immigrants—with criminals who had learned their professions in the Rover—flowed like an almost perfect stream into the teeming.

The Tammany politicians suddenly got a whiff of this district—it had not yet been christened—and a whirl ven-

ge to get. This amassing multitude of the undesired could be used. So the politicians rented whole suites or tenements. They were turned into "whisks" for the boys and girls—the very shift boys and girls, who were expected to do a little strong-arm work at auctions or other times Tammany Hall also dropped a hint to the police that the district was to be left alone. The body began to find its feet; the children began to find

In the minds of all that turned there was one link with the old days. The lodges for caretaker's cottage of the original Aspinwall estate had been left standing in its own lot of ground. It was a little present from the Aspinwalls to their gardener, who lived on there, getting old, but used to have a nice nail-egg cooked away somewhere outside. The cottage was battered, but stood with splintered roof on a rock at 33 West Thirty-ninth Street. Each side of it were timbered tenements.

One night, in the spring of 1838, the gardener was just retiring to bed. Although it was close on midnight there was plenty of noise—card-fighting, singing, drinking, drunken men and women. The cardroom walked round bar for small rooms, shouting and locking the windows. He who just about to put the bar across the back door when around one burst in, led by Daily Martin. The landlord, Mr. Bully, a giant, bulking brute who had formed the Gopher Gang, a pack which was to beat out several leaders before it exploded. With them was Mrs. Livingston, a charming lady with a delightful habit of silent threats. She happened to be Bully's "housekeeper" at the time.

Whether the gardener was scared for his money or whether such courtesy was exhibited or not known. The next day an old friend of the tenant found the house in一片 disorder,

he did not find the gardener or the gardener's next-door. Billy Martin made good use of the next-door, while it is suspected that the gardener's body was weighted with some of his own goods and dropped in the river.

The police were so baffled that Billy Martin, Mrs. Livingston and the boy decided they had an open air. Very shortly afterwards, Billy Martin, his ebony, sun-weathered face and silvery-blond hair moved into the gardener's lodges and set up house.

The time was coming quickly when the midwives' district was christened.

That same year of 1938, a Hebrew laborer pulled up his boat at the jetty of Thirty-ninth Street and decided to take a swim while the tide was flowing.

He strolled past the late gardener's cottage. Mrs. Livingston was posted in the doorway of the lavatory for patients or passers to pitch. She decided the fisherman—Jack Watson—looked like a pugilist who might have a dollar. She called to the boys in the back room.

They had a lot of "fun" with Jack—after emptying his pockets—such games as passing-the-bean, football and skipping. Then Mrs. Livingston had a bright idea. While Jack was transpiring in a side alley, she ran inside, got a few large bottles of alcohol spirits, emptied them over the fisherman—and lit a lighted match!

Jack Watson went home more or less of a Superman. As the gang descended to burn him out, he got to his feet—lower torso—and ran for the Twenty-fifth Street police station. As he ran he managed to burn out the station, and when he reached the station he was all out—more weary than one. He collapsed on the floor.

As soon as he was conscious, he was asked where he was attacked.

"Down there near the water," he

repeated. "In Thirty-ninth Street—the old gardener's cottage—Hello Kitchen."

So came the christening. Yet the name was then applied only to the one house—that ghastly house of murder and unnameable vice. Later it was to spread over the whole district, and the "whore" and "hooker" of the Kumbah delighted in it.

Especially Billy Martin.

There was nothing of the Napoleon about Billy. He was bony and had great strength.

He spent most of his time picture fighting. In his devotion to it he would stagger along the streets swinging a great stick with which he would knock down steves who didn't move fast enough.

He made a lot of enemies, which is nothing to be wondered about. One night Billy Martin got a full cargo of bags aboard and carried his way through the district. At last, worn out by his exertions and feeling the weight of his burdens, he stopped with a sailor and begged him a drink. One of his enemies now here, Eugene, went around an M.P.'s Kitchen—from a heavy plank down to the brittle lead pipe. The enemy had a lead pipe. He used it. It was Billy Martin's nose to be cleared out of the street.

It was in the original Hello Kitchen the night before, too, that Ding Dong Bell opened his Chinese College. Ding Dong was a little, shiny and pinched-faced man who packed a ton of coal in every square inch. He became a self-appointed instructor of the children of the neighbourhood, taught them expert handling of such useful subjects as bag-snatching, shop-lifting and climbed through small windows of shops to unlock the doors for their clients.

He was a professor, was Ding Dong Bell. He might have given Dickens

the idea for *Fagin*. One favorite pastime he gave to his students might be called Pinch and Toss. He got the kids to sneak around the tenement and dash into temporarily unoccupied rooms. If they found anything, of the slightest value they would pinch it and toss it out the window in Bell waiting below.

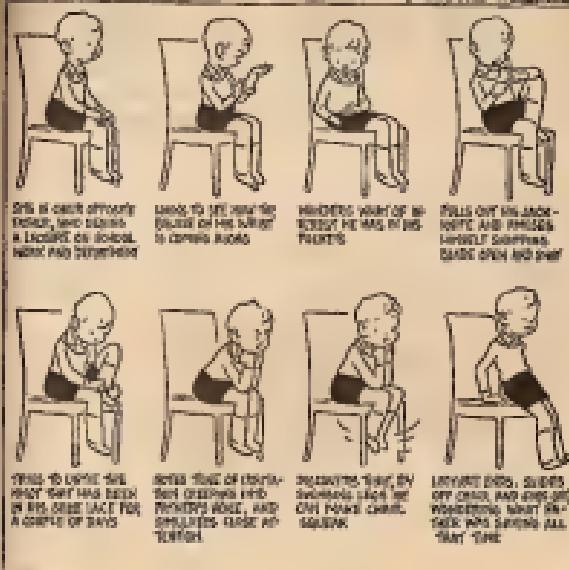
Bell was careful to nail a list of the police onto all his pupils, so that the kids got great fun by dropping bricks from roof tops on passing peddlers, with an occasional chun-

key pot for good measure. Children of the district were trained in cruelty and viciousness—even to each other. Death was not a very remarkable thing in their lives. These kids became teacher and teacher as they grew. There was the case of little Margaret Bush, a comparatively nice little girl, who told her teacher one day: "I wouldn't come to school yesterday, Miss, because I had to go to court. My old man killed me another the night before."

Hello Kitchen was like that.

LECTURE

By GLORIA WILLIAMS



The lure of artificial gold has progressed since through the years and the search is still underway.



FRANK S. GREENOP

gold

from a lump of lead

In the year 1394, Dr. Price, of Oxford (now London), took poison and died.

A year earlier he had published a paper in which he had described how, by mixing red and white powders, he had made gold.

He had brought specimens of this gold before the king . . . and it had been fine gold. But the conservative Royal Society (of which Dr. Price was a member) ordered him to repeat his process before its officials. Dr.

Price's retorts was the answer.

Yet Dr. Price was not the first or the last to make the strange claim that he had found a way of manufacturing gold. Far beyond written records back into the dawn of time, rough stories of men who could make gold . . . the alchemists. And the same hope vibrates ahead of us in the minds of physicians of the modern school.

In the fourth century after Christ, Constantinople—then a world capital

—clearly believed in a "philosopher's stone" which could transmute common metals into gold.

In the year 280 A.D., the Roman emperor Diocletian ordered the destruction of "all ancient books which treated of the admirable art of making gold and silver."

Four hundred years later, the Arab Abu Mousa Rida, of Basra (also known as Geber), recorded his experiments with the "philosopher's stone" in many volumes. If he did not discover the stone (who did?), at least he was able to produce numerous substances, red oxis of mercury, nitric acid and nitrate of silver.

Also in search of the "stone," another Arab—Rhene—learned how to distill alcohol. The search for the stone led the English philosopher, Roger Bacon, to invent spectacles as well as producing a formula for gunpowder and a magic lantern. The last a dismal failure.

A few of the more famous of the experimenters will suffice. Albert Magnus was one of the strangest. He was a cleric who had to be fumigated through the simplest tasks and, even when he was 30 years old, he showed not the slightest scholarly prowess. Then suddenly—as the legend says—the Virgin Mary appeared to him and offered him mental brilliance, either for divine or philosophy. Albertus, the philosopher . . . and spent the rest of his life seeking the philosopher's stone. He enlisted as a pupil Thomas Aquinas. Together, it is said, they built a broken statue and "by magic brought it to life." It was acting as their household servant; but it proved to be of an exceedingly garrulous turn. As a matter of fact, it talked as much that, in the end, Aquinas smothered it with a banner.

At this, Magnus appears to have weakened. In 1260 he became Bishop of Ratisbon . . . but the lure of the

stone proved too strong. Four years later, he resigned his position and returned to his experiments.

But his search seems to have been in vain. At all events, whatever he had learned of the "stone" died with him.

Then there was Nicolas Flamel, a citizen of 14th century Paris. Flamel discovered a Considering, old stone which . . . though it was written in Latin . . . he believed to be the original work of the Biblical prophet Moses. This book Flamel studied for 21 long years, but still he found no formula for the making of gold. Nothing to be learned, he travelled Europe to find someone who might instruct him. Whether he succeeded in his quest or not is not on the record, but he returned to place himself so deeply in his study that for three years he neither washed nor cleaned his house. He had his servant wash . . . on January 12, 1392 . . . he manufactured mercury into silver. On April 22 of the same year, he claimed to have produced gold. But it was too late. He was now an old and feeble man and so . . . before he could disclose his secret—providing that he had a secret—he was dead.

Another rather exotic alchemist was Bernard of Treves. He was already an unusually wealthy man; but his greed for gold was apparently insatiable.

He spent his whole life and his entire fortune in futile study, travel and experiment to discover the "stone."

At last, an old man, penniless and unemployed, he admitted defeat for exactly two months. Then, like an addition made for his dues, he returned to his quest. Even when he was over 80 years old, he was that in his laboratory, working day and night.

He was fit when he died and gold . . . but it was the gold of wisdom, not of metal.

"The great secret of philosophy is concordance with one's lot," was the message he left to the world.

But, if the alchemists were unshakable in their belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone, few of the alchemists' experiments resulted in one of history's earliest attempts to check inflation of the currency. In 1468, England passed an Act of Parliament, declaring that the melting of gold and silver from other metals would be regarded as a felony and treated as such.

In 1468, however, the Treasury seemed to recover from its panic. In that year, Henry V issued patents to selected "monarchs" so that they might try to find the philosopher's stone "for the great benefit of the wealth of the realm."

About a year later, the King was disappointed to learn that no success had been reported. He therefore appointed a council of "ten learned men" to investigate what was going on. Apparently, nothing was . . . at least, there is no historical evidence that the council ever issued any findings on the matter.

A second English King, Edward II, had better luck. Edward invited the famed French alchemist Raymond Lully, to come to England and make gold. Lully duly arrived and was quartered in the Tower of London.

In the Tower he is reported to have handed King Edward one million pounds in gold for a war against the Turks. Cynical modern historians are inclined to suggest that Lully raised the cash, not by the philosopher's stone, but by levying a poll tax on wool.

Which, in its way and in the Kingdom of his day, was almost as remarkable as gold from lead.

Many of the alchemists, too, seem to have been extremely wealthy men.

One was an Englishman, George Ripley by name, who claimed to be working the Stone. Wherever he collected the money, it seems assured that every year he presented one hundred thousand pounds in gold to the kingship of Media and Rhodes (or there was against the Saracens. Even Old Nick had Plans)—before he died penniless—indeed with considerable business acumen. There is no doubt that, during a trip through Spain, he collected debts owed by Spanish Jews to crusaders in Paul . . . on a cent per cent interest basis "because of the dangers of the road."

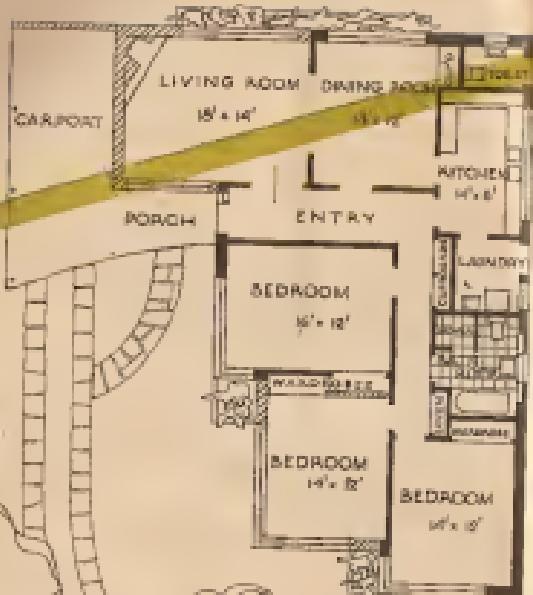
And as it has gone on. Though the alchemists of the past have disappeared, men still follow the quest.

As late as 1968, such sober publications as the Funk and Wagnall Company of New York, in a book edited by Henry Smith Williams, declared: "The newest discoveries in physics make it clear that the creation of gold by transmutation is theoretically possible, even probable. Moreover, they reveal the processes by which allied elements (especially mercury, thallium and lead) might some day be transformed into gold . . . Perhaps some similar radio-telegrapher, experimenting with high-frequency currents, may some day accidentally discover a catalyst which will change base metals into gold, just as Perkins discovered the secret of azoic dye when a student, while trying to make synthetic quinine."

Why not? We have already split the atom . . . we may be near the hydrogen bomb and its fission/polyfission. Some day someone may hit on the formula for which the alchemists sought as long . . . and all the gold in Fort Knox will be going at bargain prices.



"Down, boy! Down!"



THE HOME OF TOM-TAT (No. 72)

PREPARED BY W. WILSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



planning for additions

With the homes they would like best costing so much more than they can afford, most intending home-builders in this cycle of high costs are faced with what appears to be an insurmountable difficulty. CAVALCADE, however, suggests that you plan first and build addititonal later.

Adding to a house is generally an expensive undertaking, attended by a great deal of inconvenience while walls are being knocked down and rooms remodeled. The expense, however, can be reduced to minimal and the inconvenience reduced to practically nil if the house is planned with the express intention of adding rooms later.

The accompanying sketch is of a three-bedroom house that could be built in two or three stages without

disturbance to the nucleus house which was first built. This nucleus house consists of two bedrooms and a living-dining room, with kitchen, bathroom and laundry (all shown in told block).

The third bedroom fits snugly in the angle left by the other two and the living room and garage can be added quite simply.

This is a plan which lends itself to both modern and conventional treatment and would make a very livable home. There is a built-in television, floor and wall cupboards in the hall, a built-in sideboard in the dining room, and a modern cupboard over the equipment set up in the kitchen.

The overall area of the complete house, excluding garage, is 1670 sq. feet. Minimum width of land is 40 feet.

the drunken lion of the Punjab



His glittering jewels were like the stars in the sky; but the Koh-i-noor was the brightest of all his wealth.

JACK PEARSON

HE was Ranjit Singh, the Sikh Lion of the Punjab and the three great joys of his life were wealth, women and wine.

The only complaints were "that he could not drink like a fish which consumes water enough to continue swimming like a fish indolently" and "that he could not eat like an elephant without vomiting". The dandies were "like the stars in the sky". In his turban blazed the fabulous Koh-i-noor and his treasures were so studded with jewels that he was forced to bury portions of his fortune in the ground.

+ + +

At the early age of 17, he set himself

up as a ruler of the Punjab by murdering his mother and confiscating her possessions. But he did not allow anyone to run in his hand, he made up his mind to march directly.

On the plains of India, the power of the British East India Company was growing steadily. He soon realized that he must either fight or make friends with his white neighbours.

Ranjit Singh took steps. Dressed as a peasant, he visited the British camp.

One aged general conversed with him that his own countrymen were no match for the British-trained native regiments. Ranjit Singh promptly entered into

a treaty of "perpetual friendship" with the Company. At the moment before marriage of Ranjit Singh's idea of "perpetuity".

Well, that was something the Company had yet to discover. Ranjit Singh next began to build up an army, mainly by attracting deserters from the British ranks. He also enlisted Dutch, French and Indian officers.

Soon, Ranjit Singh and his Sikhs were up the morn.

Mostly unknown, Ranjit Singh devastated, however, that he wished to be benevolent Shah. He merely forced his victims to join him in "a gentleman's agreement" by which they handed over to him everything they possessed.

The Sikh Empire expanded... and Ranjit Singh had acquired a miserable fortune, a well-stocked treasury, and a varied collection when he brought all one of the biggest corps of janissaries.

The British and we had just been fought in Afghanistan and the defeated British-Sikhs had been driven out by their rival, Dost Mohamed. In his haste to escape having his throat slit, Shah Soja was guilty of two grave errors of judgment—(1) He fled to Ranjit Singh for protection, and (2) he arrived wearing the Koh-i-noor in his turban.

Ranjit Singh was delighted to see the Shah; he was even more delighted to see the Koh-i-noor.

He wasted no time in opening negotiations for another of his treaties of "perpetual friendship." The Shah was unkind to discuss; Ranjit Singh refused to be talked off. He had the Shah locked into a dungeon and starved him until he had just strength left to pledge. The two princes met to seal the treaty. By some unfortunate stroke of utter folly, the Shah uttered his head-dress with the Koh-i-noor.

Ranjit Singh acted with penitent courtesy. As soon as the treaty was signed, he suggested that—"In a gesture of sound entry"—he and Shah Soja should exchange turbans. Out of politeness, the Shah could only consent. Reducing satisfaction, Ranjit Singh once more nodded at his pillow... with the Koh-i-noor now adorning his brow.

The Shah bowed himself from Ranjit's presence... and huddled cowering through the streets of Lahore to pour out his tale of woe to the British commanders.

The sympathetic Company did its best to pacify Soja with a yearly pension.

Not that that seemed to worry Ranjit Singh. He was proceeding happily from strength to strength. Before he was forty, lovely Lahore and the low frontier towns of Peshawar were in his grasp. He had won for himself the title of "Lion Of The Punjab".... and his Sikhs (the "Khalsa") as they called themselves were the strongest nation of Indians in India.

But the Lions apparently became home of ravenous.

He turned his undivided organizing powers to annexing frontiers. These were noted for their forests of salak, their enormous piles of wood, and their crowds of marshyards—and invariably ended predictably drunken orgies in which the host, his guests and the marshyards all joined.

It says somewhere of the Lion's success that he survived years of these wild joustings with the loss of only one eye and the addition of an mighty paw which gashed his cheek.

His mental prowess, however, was notorious. Though he could neither read nor write, his memory was phenomenal. He could even recite without mistake the name, the posi-

In Edinburgh, the Lord Justice has ruled that because Kathleen Lowe bears his co-suspect may in her defense claim, she didn't intend to break off her engagement." To say that the return of a man by a woman, in all cases, was an irrecoverable step would deprive the female sex of one of its most cherished pretensions and the signs of one of its most acknowledged situations."

See and the history of the 1850-odd villages in his kingdom. However, his curiosity was irresistible. Whenever a European chanced to visit his court, the Lao's conversation was apt to drift through such subjects as God, Napoleon Bonaparte, hell, adultery, paradise, horses, fauna, geography and the Ten Commandments (all of which he thought ridiculous, especially the Tenth).

He also rated his donations worth an arm and hand.

His system was not complicated. The rich were freed; the poor had an arm or a leg for even their hands lopped off.

He greed drew with him age. He particularly disliked the Mughals and his own Sikhs. He constantly undercut his Army.

It was during that period that he was forced to dig holes at the ground for the surplus of his treasures. The Koh-i-noor, however, continued to adorn his forehead.

Still all good things must come to an end. He began to suffer a serious

attack (which he referred to as "a weak digestion"). It disabled him from appearing in the ballad the like known *Kathua girl* who thronged his court.

Then, about his fifteenth birthday, the doctor told Under the advice of his doctors, Ranji Singh "went off the pass." He was promptly felled by a paroxysm stroke. Over-night, his hand went white, his body grew so exhausted, he could not stand without support. Desperate old doctors at Jalandhar, Ranji Singh called for more strong girls and remained in position.

The last boy companion also ached him again. He could no longer manage his hand weakness; but he clutched violently to being lifted into the saddle.

He overcame the difficulty by slapping onto the neck of a bleeding slave who thrashed home slowly and slipped his broken saddle onto the waiting steed. "where"—marks one chronicle—"Ranji Singh set like a Currant."

He was floating from delirium to delirium, when the British took it into their heads to receive Shah Sagi to his Afghan Throne. By some peculiar whimsy, they planned to use a Sikh Army to meet them. Shah Sagi—desirous determined that even the Koh-i-noor was worth a thousand agreeable. All that remained was to persuade Ranji Singh.

A British political officer, Macnaghten, was assigned the task of leading the British Army with fresh memory, the Lao began to discuss the winter war, winter, were, Sikhs, sheepish and dancing girls. As soon as he could get a word in edgeways, Macnaghten aspired if the Lao would care to invade Afghanistan. "That indeed would be adding sugar to the milk!" answered Ranji Singh, after with sarcasm.

Ranji Singh—surrounded by a host of unskilled (and untrained) soldiers, a large train of artillery, numerous elephants and even more enormous supplies of quantities horses and dancing girls—reached the British camp and Lord Auckland, high Governor-General.

Lord Auckland was a hysteric in favor of the Lao. The Lao appealed highly of the Scotch and Irish history. In his turn, he gave a speech to outdo-sing all banquets honour of Lord Auckland.

The festival concluded with a protracted course of the particular deadly kind of juggling described by Ranji Singh, dizzled from rums and mixed with powdered poisons. The Lao passed out after six on the waiting Lao, but British phlegm finally won. The Britons crossed with Lord Auckland formally forever over the pristine form of the dead-drunk Lao.

The British army advanced further as it may around, they did succeed in troubling Kotal. But the native life of the hills had proved too much for the Lao. His himself was laid low with fever and droopy.

While he still retained a little strength, he buried his doctors from his presence, and instructed priests of every creed that he could call to mind. He was promptly felled by a second stroke. For more than a month, his key speechman until—the age of 80—he died . . . with the Koh-i-noor still clinging to his bone.

On the last day of his life, he scattered 100 million pounds sterling among his followers and bade them carry the Koh-i-noor to where the huge and bloody shed of Aggramont, Goddes of Death.

He was connected together with four of his wives and seven slaves—girls who had been selected for the qualified privilege.

And the Koh-i-noor". It did not reach Aggramont, but it did somehow survive and is disappears.

With the Sikh Empire, the Koh-i-noor ceased to earth on the carpet-strewn field of Gopur and was handed to John Lawrence, a British officer. Lawrence digging the gem into his pocket.

Dressing for dinner that night, he threw his wristband onto the back of a chair with no thought of the jewel hidden there.

Four weeks later, news came that Queen Victoria wished to have the gem.

"Where is it?" John Lawrence asked the Company's distressed Board of Directors.

"Well, you had it last!" pointed out his brother, Harry.

"Of course, of course! So I did!" replied John, not keeping an eye off "Call my servant."

"You remember a small box in my waist-coat pocket some time ago?" he asked the servant.

"Yes, sirly," the servant answered. "I put it in one of your cases."

Promiscuously a cold sweat must have beset John Lawrence's brow, but he showed no other outward sign of his anxiety. The Board of Directors eyed him with uncomprehending lack of enthusiasm as he discussed the situation with no name existence than as if he were sending him to bring a glass of water.

"Bring up the case," John Lawrence ordered. A battered, old trunk was produced. "Open it," Lawrence barked. The servant did. "There is not a thing here but a bit of glass, really" he announced disapprovingly.

That "bit of glass" was the Koh-i-noor . . . and that is why the richest treasure of the drunken old King of the Punjab is now one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown.



Thought for the coming year. If you placed a thousand worms on the ground, and to each in a perfectly straight line, one of them would be sure to wriggle and spoil it. State of the Nation Summary. Civilization is a state of society in which a person who is over ninety years old has a hope of ridging the next war. * Traffic Warnings! A French motorcyclist has succeeded in riding his machine on a tight-rope... so the last refuge of pessimism has been lost, eh? * Social politics. It used to be an axiom to offer a girl a drink of liquor, but nowadays she just follows the socials. * A woman's declining years are before thirty, she rarely declines later. * Some women when they grow old become hysterical, others become hysterical—they take up the past. * From the office's financial stand, if you want to know the value of money, just try to borrow some. * Many an optimist has become rich simply by buying out a pessimist. * Many a man has the will to be poor because his wife has a desire for round her neck. * Delicate Definitions. A clever girl is one who knows all the answers but waits for the question. * A perfect gentleman is one who makes every other man in the room uneasy. * When a pretty girl turns her back on company, it's usually just long enough to frustrate her make-up. No woman minds being a matron, as long as other people realize that she's keeping it a secret. * House outside a suburban den-of-hell. Clean and dismal dancing every night, except Sunday. Quia Cœurs. A clever girl is one who knows all the answers but waits for the question. * A Perfect Gentleman is one who makes every other man in the room uneasy. * Financial Jealousies. If you want to know the value of money, just try to borrow some. * Many an optimist has become rich simply by buying out a pessimist. * Home. You tried cold soup for weeping off dirty looks. * Our Radio Column Radio-announcer isn't so considerate of the discockey who puts on the air. * The ideal way for radio should have no audience, no sex, no power, and a message of importance for every human.

OUR SHORT STORY A dalmatian was first prize at an All-American Show, modestly refused to take any credit for his success. "I won it all to the children," he explained apologetically.

A FEW OF OUR FAVORITES —



WHEN FLASH CAINE ARRIVED, HE'S SORELY EXPOSED IN THE BOHEMIAN COCKTAIL PARTY . . .



IT'S TOO EARLY FOR A COCKTAIL. I HAVE THREE COFFEE AND CALMUS . . .



INTRODUCING HERSELF,
SHE WOULD GIVE HOMES
TO ANYONE WHO FELT THE
NEED. SHE HAD THE GIRL WITH
WHICH SHE LIVED A PLAIN LIFE.
BUT HAS CHANGED SINCE...



...HE HAD NO RELATIVES
OR FRIENDS / WE ARE THE
GREATEST HEAT SOURCE
BUT YOU CAN'T LEAVE HIM
THIS IS AN ANSWER TO
CARE FOR MOTHER. SHE SAYS
YOU HAVE HAIR A BOYFRIEND



INTRODUCED BY CAL IN
THE PLACE WHERE HE FOUND
THE PLACE BANDED
AND ALL HIS FRIENDS
THINGS BORN 4 4 4 4 4 4



SUE MERRICK WAS HER
NAME. SHE WORKED AS
A SMALL BUSINESS
LIVED A VERY QUIET
LIFE ...



THERE'S THE ANSWER --
WHEN A WOMAN DOESN'T
REVERSE THE ORDER
AND FIND THE MAN ... IN
SHE WILL COME BACK.

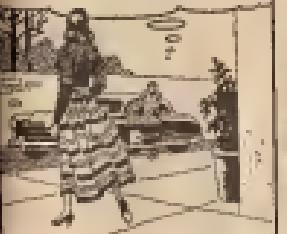


MONTANA FLASH DAWN
COMBEAUILLIES HIMSELF
ON HOT HANDS TO TAKE A
SMALL GAME HE COULDN'T
WANT TO HANDLE.....

OF ONLY THAT SENSE
WHERE MADE UP IN A
WORTHWHILE CASE...



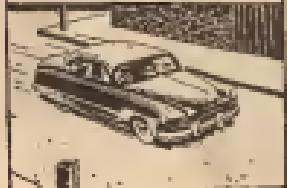
THE END'S THE INTERESTING
ONE ... THE WOMAN WHO
CAN'T EXPLAIN HERSELF



SHE TELLS HIM WHAT SHE
DOES AT HOME. SHE'S
CONVINCED THAT CALIS
DON'T FIND A TWO-PIECE
HERSELF...



IMPRESSED BY THE FACT
THAT THE PLACE HAD BEEN
SET UP SO CAREFULLY
SHE DECIDES TO BOY-
FRIEND. HE SENDS
CARELESS HOME.....



OH, WE DON'T I COME
RIGHT ON TIME, BUT I
THINK THIS IS THE BEST



MEMORIES ... THE PLACE
HAS BEEN SEARCHED AS
WE'LL SEE. WOULDN'T
HAVE TO SEARCH THE
PLACE...



BUD CALLAH IS PLEASUED
TO SEE CAL ...



CAIN DECIDES ON PIRATE
GEMS, BUT STOPS
NOT FROM HAVING
SHIRTLESS INFLUENCE.



CALVIN GALLAGHER IS CONVICTED.
HE HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF
DECIDING TO BURN DOWN
THE MUSEUM OF ART.



UNABLE TO REACH A DECISION
WITH THE GALLERY OWNER,
ATTEMPTED CALVIN GETS
THE PRINTED CLOTHES.



WALKING ALONE ON THE
PIRATE'S TOWER, CALVIN GIVES
UP HIS PLANS TO TURN IT INTO
A NEW LOCAL MUSEUM TO
SHOW SHIRTLESS WORKS.



A SHIRTLESS WOMAN WAITING
FOR HER DATE DECIDES
TO GO HOME. WHO CAN
DECIDE WHAT'S GOING TO
TROUBLE? SIGH.



CAIN DECIDES HE MUST
NOT OVERLOOK THE
QUALITY OF THE
PIRATE'S TOWER.



SHIRTLESS THIEF HAD
A PIRATE'S TOWER LINE
THAT CALVIN WOULD
THINK BUT DOESN'T
THINK HIM INTELLIGENT
ENOUGH TO BE INTERESTED.



HE WANTED TO SEE AN
EXHIBITION OF PIRATE
GEMS, SO HE CHOSE THE
MUSEUM THAT WAS
ABOUT TO OPEN A NEW
ART GALLERY.



SHIRTLESS CALVIN WHO POLHO
IN THE GALLERY STARTS
SELLS TALKING CAIN LATER.



PARTHEN CONVERSATION
TELLS CAIN A LOT CALVIN
OVERHEARD HIS STORY.
CALVIN WOULD HAVE
ATTENDED IF HE HAD
TAKEN OUT WITHOUT EVEN
TELLING THEM.



ADD TO MAKE THINGS
MORE APPROPRIATE YOU HAVE
MUCH MORE THAN I HAVE.
A TOTAL HE SPENDS
WORTH THOUSANDS.



DO YOU COUNT THE
EXHIBITION OF THE
PIRATE'S TOWER AS
A MUSEUM OF SHIRTLESSNESS?



CARLTON ANDREWS TALKS
CASH TO GET OUT FROM
UNDER SUCH A DURATION
GET OUT ! YOU INVESTMENT



FLASH CASH REALIZES THAT
CARLTON WOULD NOT SURPRISE
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN
TO FIND THAT CASH HAD
THE SWING HAMMER, OR THAT
CASH REFERRED TO HIM
TO DISAPPEARANCE



CONVINCED THAT CARLTON'S
CLINT EASTWOOD ACTS, CASH
TELEPHONES TO DISCOVER



-- AND SOME TIME LATER
HE RETURNS TO THE
GALLERIES



SILENTLY FLASH CASH
WALKS THROUGH THE GALLERIES,
VANISHING AT EACH PEG.



SILENTLY HE WALKS THROUGH
THE GALLERIES, STOPPING
WITH THE SWING
HAMMER.



AND HE SETS EXAMINES
THE PICTURE WHICH IS
HUNG TO REPLACE THE
SWING HAMMER...



CASH TELLS DISCREET WHAT
HE HAS DONE AND THANKS
HE HAS DONE AND THANKS
CARLTON FOR GETTING
OUT OF THE WAY. HE WANTS
HERE TO MASTERS MAN IN
ONE MORE INVESTIGATION



-- TOO LATE. CARLTON
INVOLVED IN HAND, THROWS
IN THE DOCKBATH AND
SHOOTS THE SWING
HAMMER.



THE SWING HAMMER A FEAT.
HE ONE OUT OF THE
WEAN OF CARLTON'S
MUSCLE. HE'S THROWN
DOWN IN THAT SWING
HAMMER DIED FORKED



THE SWING HAMMER A FEAT.
HE ONE OUT OF THE
WEAN OF CARLTON'S
MUSCLE. HE'S THROWN
DOWN IN THAT SWING
HAMMER DIED FORKED





ALL LEADS CAN GET
THE LEAD IN SAVING YOU
REVENGE!

CAR AND PERSONAL EQUIPMENT
MOTOR VEHICLES, AIRPLANES,
BOATS, ETC., ARE CHALLENGED

AND THERE, IN A CELLAR,
FIND THE MISSING.
A COUPLE HAD BEEN
KILLED AND LEAVENED.

A SOVY CAPACITO PAINTED
OVER THE MISSING REVENGE.
HE WAS SHOT DOWN.
IT WAS STOLEN. HE COULD
COLLECT THE PENALTY.
THEN HE FOUND OUT IT WASN'T

CHIVED. SOHEM LIVED
TO COMPLAINTS.

I KNOW THAT HAPPENED.
BUT I WOULD WAIT
FOR THE ON THE FRAME
OF A POLAR BEAR IN AN
EXHIBITION.

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Mobiloil
SAVES COSTLY ENGINE REPAIRS

CLEANS - 40% prevents the formation of
harmful deposits because of its
exceptional detergent characteristics

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protection against corrosion
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LUBRICATES - 40% because of a dense
oil engine correct selection of
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change in both oil temperature and

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD. LTD. (Div. of Esso)

W

hite goddess of

The white woman had seen the white god
and set there seemed no way to save her.

M ANDREWS ■ FICTION

F

the Fire



As the trishenman swung up his maul, Walton hauled himself down with the knife firm in his grasp.

FOR four days the "Cossat," London to Melbourne, fled in the storm, like a barren doe with the bay of hounds in her ears. The fourth black night paralleled the bay with Bon Street. Like a shimmering sheet of white-hot steel, lightning scuttled northward, it embossed a great massive mountain silhouette the bayonet.

Third starboard! the captain ordered sharp.

With voice and a wrench at the wheel, the helmsman answered. The

long shuddered from the violent beat of a bison's heart, and the maniacal snarped, the leviathan, a mane bed, convulsed into the dark, teethed water.

"Man restaurants!" a dozen hoarse voices cracked the gloom.

"Hold your course," the captain ordered grimly. In as much he said to the crew, "We're in troubadous water, man. That Wilson's Prodigy is past. We've run past Fort Phillip Head in this blasted storm."

Which were about the last words he ever spoke.

At dawn Tom Wilson dropped his will wearily from the sea. He staggered across a sheltering bank and dropped exhausted at the foot of a gnarled tree at the northern end of the mountain.

Some hours later, Scollery, chief of the Yarram, raised a hand, and the tribe addressed curiously to his side. They gathered around the gnarled tree in a wide circle to view at the figure on the ground.

"Huh?" said Nyxola fiercely. He was a tall, young buck, fleet of foot and a proved warrior. The old men had named him chief-chief following the death of Boolegan's son Isaac. He drew back his arm to cast a spear.

"Stop!" Scollery snapped the order briefly. He knew of Nyxola's ambitions, plots, and treachery; he would follow no lead given by the young buck. He stared at the sleeping youth speculatively. "It is the

A young woman, training to be a teacher, was giving a demonstration lesson. The subject was Scripture—the parable of the Vine and Fodder in Virgins. "But, ma'am," interposed one of the older students. "What's a virgin?" The teacher went red with embarrassment. "Oh, don't bother about that," she replied. "There are so few of them nowadays."

sight of Beesee crossed it to his people.

Nyakka snorted darkly; he wanted no reprimanded Beesee with his talk. "It is a trick of the Badgers to steal the secret of our salt," he challenged.

The chief descended at the shaved throat. His body with Tendu, chief of the hillmen, bearing salt and fish for wealthy men and skins, was unopposed with Yerrenan warriors. While the chief pondered the problem, Walton stared curiously. He stretched stiffly and opened his eyes. His glance at his stomach when he saw the formidable ring of black meat.

Brown eyes were working, yet squinting with hostility. Black bodies were poised, and spears quivered in scabbard-hands. Beyond the outer circle, the old man stood, beak-like stonyly in their steely eyes. Piercements and labrets moved yet various-peered through the gaps between the men.

With three hundred aborigines

surrounding him, Tom Walton was stationary in his feet. Though tough and wiry for his station years, he was no match for some of the young brutes, but his hand crept to his clay-knife. He would pull it steady.

Nyakka broke the tension. Walton's movements had created. "How can the spirit of the black men be white as the seeds of the daisy?" he asked sarcastically.

"The dead bodies of the brown soldiers are white as a baby's birth," Beelkara retorted snidely. "The way then will say it is the spirit of Beesee."

Several old men gazed forward curiously. They glanced from Nyakka to Beelkara dubiously. They heard the peace with the deepest suspicion, and they had named Nyakka chieftain because he would give them war. They yearned for the feast on human flesh that followed battle, but they feared Beelkara's anger.

"It is Beesee come from the land of the spirits," they pronounced solemnly.

Nyakka snarled angrily but the wise men had spoken, and he must take his tone. Stolidly he joined in the acrobatics of welcome to the bewildered white youth.

Hope of escape was strong in Walton, but he reached the Capital Lakes for Port Phillip Bay and, seeing no signs of settlement or shipping around the lakes, he chose in the vicinity of the tribe rather than flee the unknown. As he learned the language and customs, he realized that, as a "jumped-up black-fellow," he was treated with respect, even with awe. He had himself into the role of Beesee, watching always for a chance to escape by sea.



That boy of yours . . . he will carry on your name. You have brought him up with love and care, and you want him to have the best possible start in life, namely, a position in the steel industry.

He will keep that large outlet of opportunity open up before him . . . as the industry's Staff Training scheme has been for protection, the Australian overdeveloping steel industry has big plans for the future, plans in which your boy can take a successful and secure part. This is his chance.

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You're never too old to learn. At Columbia University (1935), psychologists have established that while the most efficient age for learning is between 18 and 30, there's still your ability to absorb new information—despite only one per cent per year. At 45 you're still able to learn more than you would before the age of 18. Even at 50, you can still pride yourself on being able to absorb knowledge half as fast as you could when you were 18.

Then there came a morning-after-a-night of captivity—Walton seized a scheme being hatched by the Indians to the plan. He slipped into the north entrance on reaching the corner of the lake, but Beale had also seen the scheme and by mastered the tribe immediately. Missing Walton, he called the old men and chief warriors apart.

"Because man must be brought back to the tribe unharmed," he warned. "To kill his white body would let his spirit return to the land of the dead. The dead would be angry with the Yarmen; they would come in white bodies and take the hunting grounds of our tribe."

The old men nodded wearily, so it happened to the Keweenawns and bring them to the Deneuvants. But Nycock snarled, then a curious light glinted in his eyes. A pair of warhorses were picking up the tracks of Beale, Nycock watched them for a few moments then, grasping the line of flight, set off at a smart lope. There would see what happened when

Nycock overtook Beale, shot. During the young warrior's pursuit, Beale's dispatched a party of young braves direct to the canoe.

Beale reached the canoe about three hundred yards ahead of Nycock. The black shooed angrily, but the white man pointed a light rifle into the water and, chattering shrilly, pointed furiously. Nycock turned suddenly. Beale's canoe was far preceding shabbily, long broad and awkward to paddle. He set about dragging a long heavy canoe into the water, but before he could launch it, half a dozen young warriors rushed down to the beach.

Nycock snarled, he could capture now, but he could not kill without suffering the death penalty himself. Suddenly he took a seat in the canoe and urged the paddlemen to the shore. Before he had travelled a mile, Walton knew that his bid had failed.

He allowed himself to be taken ashore, he must content himself as before, the packed-up Mackinaw, until he could build, in secret, a bark, neatly arranged cane in which to escape when opportunity offered.

Five paces of naked vengeance passed before Walton's canoe seemed complete. In that time Beale, given in strength and stature. He was skilled in the hunt and a proven warrior in battle or single combat. He was never wounded high seriously, but they would not yield to Beale, Walton's purpose to make Beale dismember in pieces of Nycock. The compact with the Indians had convinced and Beale would be but the victim of Beale. Secretly they plotted for Nycock, who would give them battle.

From the fringe of settlement at Keweenaw, Major Frasier's wagons drove northward. He had been

granted land between Steeple Creek and the Giggedash Lakes. He already ran a trading track through heavily timbered hills into the deep gully of Steeple Creek.

Elizabeth, the Major's eighteen-year-old daughter, riding well ahead of the main party with a green in a strong pony in attendance, pressed on, eager to see the prospect from the hill ahead of her. She did not see the smoke following up from the village behind.

Five emerged down the mountains like a veritable burst of fire. In a matter of seconds the whole valley was orange-blazed. Horses spattered their madman cattle, galloping their frenzied, stampeded and panicking men, clinging to the backs of their mounts, road hawk on their backs a hopeless徒 for safety.

With the first wave of fire, the girls noise jumped to the gallop with the bat between its teeth. The green followed so fast he could only hope and pray disappeared into a rolling cloud of black smoke studded with crimson tongues of flame. With death wrapped in him, the green turned and fled down the gully. He reached the water as they burst into flame. He plunged into the creek as Major Frasier dropped with his wife into the same doubtful safety of water.

Present, his wife, and the green came from the water after the fire had swept through the gully. It seemed to them that there was the only life left in the black desolation. The wagons were piled of consideration, colors and round iron. Ornate, charred canoes were scattered at intervals along the gully. Of Elizabeth they found no trace.

The green found the mangled body of the mare five miles beyond the ridge. It had crawled in blind flight

and broken its neck. He had back-tracked it through the burned bush. The two men and the woman became a weary trooper back along the ridge to Keweenaw.

Elizabeth became conscious a pitch darkness, her mind groped through the immediate past. She remembered the howling blood gallop through dense smoke and the leaping fire. She recalled the choking gases from the hill ahead of her. She did not see the smoke following up from the village behind.

As the first stream from a star showed far above the rock's head and nearby a gurgling of water indicated a small stream. She descended in a series rockings. She struck damply—before a wave of washboard overwhelmed her—and she dropped to the ground.

Yesh, of the Hodgeuses, pierced through the undergrowth at the fringe of the gill on the ground. His teeth gnashed viciously as he poised a spear for casting. He hastened, lowering his arm and raising the red spearishly until his eye focused on a dark edge powdered blood red against the white of her blouse. A snaky hiss crested the black mouth that surrounded the girl.

Elizabeth awoke with the sun on her face. She opened her eyes, shrank at the sight of the black man standing a few feet from her. His face printed a crushed, evil, smirking grin, and his hand clutched a barded spear. Instinctively his hand tensed at her throat. It brushed the pendant and the sun shone across sheets of red fire from the facets of the ruby.

Cries of alarm drew the girl's father to the rear of natives roared by. All were uttering an alarm, except the big chief. Unconsciously, she feared the ruby and the natives lunged back a pace, pointing their spears as if to ward off an attack. The girl realized unconsciously that the ruby was a talisman they feared, but the chief was not afraid; he was smiling craftily as he held up his hand, palm stretched, in sign of friendship.

They made a place to the girl that she would not be harmed but that she must come with the tribe. She obeyed—and then gradually there drew on her a magnetism she could hardly put into words.

The tribe regarded her as a "White Goddess." She ruled as a red eye of death.

Yindi, crafty and resourceful, spread the word of the fatal power of the ruby. He led the Bushmen down into the traps through the intentions, misleading the weaker tribes into paying tribute to the White Goddess. Elated with his success, he decided to test his powers against the lake and coast men, the Yarram. He led the Bushmen down from the hills and out towards the lake.

The two tribes met and gathered in separate groups half a mile apart. The chiefs and the wise men advanced to the centre. Bothmen met the Yarram and with gestures of friendliness, but he forced the Bushmen arrogant and Yindi triumphant.

"The White Goddess of the Fire lives with the Bushmen," Yindi proclaimed triumphantly. "She will look with her red eye of death upon the Yarram, unless the lake-spirits give her much salt and fish and many rotten-kards and possums."

The wise men of the Yarram were astounded; they had heard that the

red eye could wring the wrists of a strong man, it drew blood from the greatest warriors to give its colour. Bushmen was no less therapy; he was under no delusion as to what the White Goddess was. For the chief of the Kooraburra had told him that white men sought a white woman in the bush, they had found numerous of Yindi's White Goddess. Bothmen desired that if white men came into his domain they would stay, as they did at Kooraburra.

"The Yarram will pay tribute to the White Goddess," he said slowly. He was anxious to get the Bushmen and thus distract their efforts from the idea.

"Yes," he was soon agreed with certain laws. "The Yarram will pay them gifts at the foot of the White Goddess."

Yindi scowled, he did not want to show his anger to the Yarram, but he saw no way of avoiding the inevitable confrontation. The parties withdrew to prepare for the combat, but the Yarram were massed round out Nyasha, they were tired of Bothmen's perfidy and they learned for the fruits that followed battle.

Troubled in mind, Bothmen sought Nyasha. He came on the white man in a clump of scrub at the lakeside. Water lapped up gladly when the chief staggered him, pulling the floating bushes to the cover. The hand pressed on his bruised clavicle, but the chief paid no heed to him, he looked over the cover with apprehensive eyes.

"Hoping you're to go back to the white man's tribe?" Bothmen asked querulously.

Yindi started, realising for the first time that the chief had known his origin throughout. He nodded his head.

THE MAN WHO Never Dies

Even Voltaire admitted
that he was the man
who knew everything!



nearly buried to-day, his fame as a violinist still remains in Europe. But the Count was even more about the accomplishment, and one day he threw away his violin, saying, "I have nothing more to learn."

Gullible people believed that the Count had discovered the art of perpetual life, and even at the beginning of this century a woman resorted to a castle in Rhenish hunting his appearance.

Naturally he never did appear. For to-day we know that we cannot avoid old age, though we can lengthen it by care, as the institution of Life Assurance. Thanks to the confidence of three million Australians, and the wise investment of their savings by the Life Office, Life Assurance guarantees real security to all its policyholders, and also provides material benefits for every Australian. Under 1 CANALCADE January 1951

Father Jane. When a marine pilot, whose car had plunged into a ravine near St. Paul (U.S.), refused to pay the bill for having it pulled out, the townsmen services promptly rushed at him into the ravine. As ever more hurried motorists at Pacific Beach, California, lost a wheel from his trailer, Watchman prepared to see if a roll steady fast determinedly into the hands of another man, who immediately hauled it into his car and drove off at speed.

"You," he said decisively.

"White men live where the sun goes down," Bodilens told him. "A white man's big house starts at the sun beyond the entrance. I will let you go—but you must not go alone; you must take the White Goddess of the Bedouins with you. I will aid your escape."

The presence of a white woman with the Bedouins had been explained to Walton by native rumour, but the fact that a ship was anchored outside the entrance was a surprise to him. He hesitated for a moment, thinking that he should get to the ship and bring a rescue party there. Bodilens read his thoughts.

"You would kill, if the white men came," he advised. "Do as I say, Rororo, and when you reach the white men, tell them that Bedouins is a good man, then they will not come to take the hunting grounds of the Yemans."

"It shall be as you say." Walton

screamed. "Tell me your plan."

From the side of a low hill, Elizabeth Peacock watched the weird sequence of the perioboreans weird on a level clearing below her. A party of older girls crouched on the ground around her. They were her body guard and warlike soul, though they were absorbed in the spectacle, the girl had no thoughts of escape; she knew that she was safe with the tribe and had no idea where to go if she did shake them.

Gradually bedizened figures crept and pressed in the wavering light of a dozen fires. Though each nation had its significance, it was incongruous to the girl. She could distinguish Bedouins from Yemans, for the hillmen favoured more red paint than the others who looked gauntly, white skeletons strutting on a stage.

Long after midnight, as the tribe wavered apart, a darkness about noon out, in was the battle-cry of the Yemans. After a second of stunned silence, the hillmen answered with blood-chilling yell. A rain of spears hurtled through the air. Then the tribes charged—on to meet with democratic shouts and savagery, spears thrusting, warlike bludgeoning, and axes hacking.

"White women, where are you?" Clear above the babel came the voice. Elizabeth shrank in amazement, for the words were English. "Here," she screamed. "On the hill!"

The girls started at her breathlessly, but the white girl whirled on them, the ruby blushed boldly from a hair head. She looked evilly, the black women growled, on the ground, festered with fury, the girl's eyes sought for the white man who had called.

He came through the thick of the

light, a powerfully built Yemans. The hammer-crash of a polished wooden war-hammer throbbed and the master gleam of steel in his left hand marked his progress. He broke through the ranks and raised up the hill.

"Huu! Run for the bush," he shouted.

As the girl darted into the scrub, Bodilens' raw-chapped Tadik skull, but his forbidding screen of victory ended in a shattering gust of death. Ryoski's spear, driven in like a hawk, passed the old chief's heart. Walton screamed, but he resembled his aged to overtake the girl for their leader now was Ryoski without Bodilens to protect their flight.

The tall, shaggy guns of the bush closed in pallidness behind them, now and again a twin sangrep—
but mostly their naked feet passed with squeaking precision of the sandy soil. Far away across the bush they could hear the sea singing.

Dawn began as the fugitives reached the hidden cove. Walton dragged it to the water and headed the girl to a thwart; sunshades. But before he could step in to the stern, Ryoski dashed from the south, screaming diabolical threats of vengeance.

"Padde for your life!" Walton shouted, pushing the craft well clear of the shore.

He whirled as Ryoski lunged his first spear. Walton ducked his head from its vicious white, but the bark hit his ear.

"He skinned to the ground, snatching a spear threw, the black grappled madly and aimed low. The white man un-jumped, and the muzzle passed under his chin. While he was sprawled on the ground, Ryoski dashed, wildly heaved

Walton consciousness, but recovered the black, not away from him. Taken by surprise, Ryoski tried to prop,抢救ing the weakly.

The white man's left shoulder and his back took the black under the chin.

As the black man staggered back, Walton completed the somersault, bounded to his feet and drew forward. He had lost his club, but he still had his sharp-knife. Ryoski swung his club with a sweep of desperation, it grazed the white man's head, but the steel sliced down to bury itself deep in the black man's heart.

"Die the crooked Quak!"

The surf voice was shrill with alarm. A dozen natives broke from cover, brandishing spears, as Walton staggered to his feet. He stumbled groggily to the canoe, and climbed in. The gal dipped deep with the paddle, and the first surf hit the water open water with a host of spray whirling furiously around it.

Walton struggled groggily, they were just out of open reefs to be broad the canoe to the churning water of the entrance. The frail craft tilted and bounced like a cork in a cataract of foaming waves, but it surged through the surf. Walton knew the black man's craft could not follow. He looked around for the ship.

"By the Gates, my old ship," he exclaimed.

"The Convict!" Elizabeth's voice was dim and strained with suppressed hope. "My father taught it to me when we settled here. I—I wouldn't—"

Her voice shrilled to a scream of excitement. Meyer Peacock and his wife stood on the poop deck of the long, staring fixedly at the approaching vision.

SHARP GUY

DANIEL GORDON • FICTION



Ask Sammy French, hell tell you that a whole steak—er a killer—is only as tough as your knife is sharp.

STANDING behind the fountain, Sammy French could see the bilged boats across the street. Through the clear, polished glass of his no-crayon parlor, he watched Kato Tolson waddle through the recycling bins.

Sammy French smiled at Joss, then wondered why he smiled. He wasn't happy—that was for sure. But he smiled anyway, from habit, maybe, and tried to think of the pleasant things the new cash register made, instead of worrying over the fact that Kato Tolson had given him a week to close the place.

He didn't know why he liked the fountain. Maybe the grace and the quiet. Maybe because Joss came in every afternoon.

He stopped looking at the river and began to polish the already shiny-blue marble counter.

"It's coming over," he said.
"But I gave you a week—" There was the sound of worry in Joss's voice. She had lived in the neighborhood all her life and she knew Kato Tolson's reputation.

"Makes no difference, anyway," Sammy French said with a shrug. "In the Army I used and planned



for a long time so I could open a place like this. Now I'm scared."

Kato Tolson spoke from the doorway. He grabbed his wallet, seconds late for the donation. He said: "Kato, you remember that talk we had?"
"Yeah."

"Don't forget it," Kato Tolson said. "I feared you might—thought I'd stop over and remind you."

Sammy French was small and he looked frail. With his eyes narrowing on Kato Tolson, his hand went back to the knife. There had been nearly dark nights and he thought this was a crazy, sunny afternoon. Still, there was something the same. Something that sent a swift tingle of excitement along his spine. People and you get the smile after a while—and God knew he'd done enough of it to get the smile if it were likely . . .

His eyes shifted to the knife, the knife lying there on the washboard board. He should have bought another knife, of course. But with money so short, and him used to the feel of the knife in his hand, he'd kept it. And it made wonderful cutbacks. Sammy French closed his eyes and said "Get out, Tolson."

He heard Tolson chuckle, then the door closed.

"Good!" Joss said cheerfully.
And hearing her, Sammy French knew that she spoke lightly to hide the fear in her heart. He said, "Weeks up tomorrow."

"What then?"
"Well be back, I guess." Hell be back and he may be a tough barge; tough and used to having things his own way round here. The thoughts and the knife and the war moved in a互相 nested circle in Sammy French's mind. But Joss was talking.

"Are you going to the game?" she asked.

"Gibby! What game?"

The football game, silly. Standard High is playing Alton. You can take me, if you want to."

"I chance," Sammy French said doubtfully. "The game be long." And how he was going to be long? Something about Kato Tolson needed doing. But either way he'd be long . . .

Joss got up. "I'll keep the door open, anyway. Please you can close up just after the game starts. It's time for the rush after the game."

"Maybe," Sammy French agreed.

He watched her go, straight figure through the window. She was a pretty girl. He hummed the song as he went about the business of making a batch of sample syrup. You had to be careful to do it. The sugar's burnt if you let it sit in the bottom of the pan . . . A pretty图案 a little a reddish—but burns you right and day?" Without meaning to, he started in time to the music, cleaning up now and again to enjoy the song and the blushing freshness of his skin. He saw the knife. Already, he stopped singing, put the knife and put it in a drawer. Damn Kato Tolson. Damn Kato Tolson again!

The door opened and a man came in. Sammy started down the gas as the syrup wouldn't burn.

"Afternoon," he said with a smile.
The man didn't smile. He said "Doc, I'm acting for the Board of Health. They've had a complaint at the office about your place."

So it was starting. And this was only the beginning. Well, they couldn't know him out unless they moving harder than that. The place was as clean as a whistle.

"Give a look around, Doc. PG, but you this is the closest store in town."

The man grunted and went behind the fountain. He opened the front and pointed expectantly behind the cash. Sammy French watched

A NATIONAL Safety Committee official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the posters was "How not to slip on the ice." On the way home, the official slipped and broke his arm. Equally weird was the result of over-enthusiastic affection. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head-on. One broke his skull, the other broke his leg.

him, grinning a little. He could see that the men didn't like the poster.

"Read anything?" Sammy France asked at length.

"Nothing," answered the inspector. "Everything is in order."

"Let's drop the hanky-panky, Doc. Did Nels Tolson send you?"

The man drew himself up haughtily. "The Board of Health sent me. Someone entered a complaint against your place, stating that unsanitary conditions were prevalent."

"And are they?"

"No. As I read, I find that everything is in order."

"You come over to Tolson's pad per need?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"There's been no complaint about my place."

"Okay. I'm convinced—now!"

"But all complaints must be offical-made at the courthouse."

"You mean you don't know what kind of place Tolson runs? You think a postman's a place for him to hang out?"

"I'm sorry," the postman said stiffly. "I'm really very busy. Good day."

The next day the men took the police box away. Sammy France watched interestedly as they loaded it in the van.

"But why?" he asked the driver. "Search me, man. There's a sort taken in exchange."

It was the present hour. The kids from the school passed powerfully into the windows in an endless stream. Who, the police box paid more than the soda fountain. High school kids would come in for a nickel each and stay to drink large numbers. They'd skip lunch for a heavy ration of Harry James.

"Look," Sammy France said desperately, "all the kids. Tell me we can come in some hours later on this dump."

The driver shook his head.

"I'll call," he said, "but it won't do me good."

He was back soon. "Boss said bring the machine," he stated. "Sorry, kid. But I gotta keep this job."

Sammy France went outside to watch the truck drive away. Nels Tolson was standing in the doorway of the postoffice, wiping his hands on his apron. Sammy France thought he saw him smile but he couldn't be sure . . .

With the snow gone, there wasn't much to bring trade into this place. Ice cream could be brought in any day. What the kids liked was music, and space to try out a few new steps. Sammy France took off his white coat and hung it in the back room. He put on another coat, hung a back-in-an-hour sign on the door and walked to the district police station.

Mike Webb, the policeman who had the beat, said: "You're a intelligent young man, Mr. Tolson. You have been here for years. We never have any

trouble in this place and I never heard of you bothering anybody."

"He gave me a week to get out of town," Sammy France said slowly. "Well, the officer grunted. "You'll have, say, you?"

"Sure. I'm still here. But like I told you, my job box is gone."

"You owe the box or was it just a year share on percentage?"

"Percentage."

Mike Webb shrugged. "Nothing's ever go for you then. Owner's got a better right to part it whenever he chooses."

"Okay — and thanks anyway," Sammy France said wearily.

Saturday was a clear day, a bright day, an ideal day for football, singing, dancing, and pretty girls like Jean Thibault of it, and dancing of course if all. Sammy France swung the mop a little harder than was really necessary, considering that the floor wasn't very dirty. Youngsters and their parents had been passing over since, but now the street was empty. If he opened the door he could hear the faint whisper of band music coming from the high school grounds.

He put away the mop and stepped into the pool. If anything was going to happen, it ought to happen now. It did.

The door of the room opened and Nels Tolson came out. He looked up and down the street, then moved slowly and deliberately toward Sammy's place. Sammy France watched his lumbering gait. The man looked sort—but you couldn't be sure . . .

Tolson didn't speak at once. He looked at Sammy across the service-with-counter. Sammy France thought of a burly senior member of the Garibaldi who had once run himself for an election. It was an unpleasant thought and he shook it quickly. He said: "What's on your

mind, Tolson?"

The sound of the voice seemed to do it. The current of relaxation was gone. "I told you to clear out," Tolson said slowly. "You didn't."

"But why? Day of your pool parties when the players?"

I used to sit — now play from the curb before you opened the joint."

"Might help some if you cleaned the grease off the walls," Sammy France said hurriedly.

"That's my business. It's also my business to see that young punks like you do as they're told."

Without meaning to, Sammy France had been fingering the knife, his fingers circling the long blade.

Tolson said, "Put down that knife."

A little shiver as Sammy France consciously observed his wandering fingers than the tightening restraint of Tolson's tone—"Make me," he said quietly.

Tolson was clumsy with the gun. But he got it out.

In one swift, sys-damning movement, Sammy France charged down the pass with the side of his hand. With the other hand he swept it to the knife from its place on the well-worn base and held the stiletto poised one inch from Tolson's throat.

"Drop the gun, Tolson."

But there was little apprehension for Sammy France in the either the gun made or it dropped. He walked over the counter while Tolson stood stupidly, bewildered by the speed of it all.

Nels Tolson said in a hoarse whisper: "What ya gonna do?"

"I don't know, Tolson. I really don't know."

"We could call it square—" Tolson said hopefully.

"And have you plan a good, careful job next time?" Sammy France shook his head. If only Tolson hadn't quit so easily. If he'd tried harder

with the gun the thing would be over by now.

He said "Stand up, Tolson, over against the wall!"

"What for?" Tolson asked uneasily.

"So I can give you a demonstration." As he spoke, Sammy Franks twisted the knife, his nipples drawne waddling along the bright length of the blade.

Sammy Franks unclutered a pass-pan served into a pick-a-lemon. "Between the eyes," he said, "watch it!" His arm moved quickly. There was a flesh, a shimmering flesh, and then the hollow, placid sound of the knife as it hit the pass-pan.

Dobie, Sammy Franks unclutered the pan, issued it to Tolson. "I been throwing knives since I was twelve years old," he said, "but there's no focus on it. The demonstration just to warn you not to get ideas. You do like I tell you and you die a chance. I haven't made up my mind. But one phony move and I'll treat you like a complete!" He stepped back, slipped the knife up his sleeve and motioned toward the door. "Get going!" he said.

Near Tolson shuffled past. Dobie he said: "Which way?"

"Which way?" Sammy Franks was wondering, too. The railroad yard? The lake? Where didn't seem very important?

"That way," he said.

They walked in line. The lake was a mile on the other side of the picked grounds. And as they neared the ground, Tolson, encouraged by the noise, turned, as if to go.

"Save off!" Sammy Franks warned him. "You make one move and I'll cover you!"

Tolson walked on. There was a sudden roar as they were abreast of the field. The first ball had exploded.

Sammy Franks thought of June. He'd keep the date open, she had said

And he thought of the looks, of the fine, clean, wild kids who were his customers, who were in the game and in the stands today. . . . He couldn't do it. But as Tolson moved at thinking fast, especially close at their noses to him, he reached an idea. Having Tolson was cost. Self Tolson might be, but he was too hot and heavy. Anyways, he'd soon get over a hating. There must be something else . . . Shamed! If he could make a monkey out of Tolson, alone him before a crowd! Swiftly, he made his plan. He'd try to keep the crowd high. Right as well, Tolson would never damage him, anywhere. The football game? Everybody in the neighborhood looking on! It seemed worth a try.

Without rapidly, holding his capture to the remote end of the field, Sammy Franks issued final instructions. "You hold the gun like that," he said, illustrating by placing his forefinger against his temple. "There's two things you want to think about. The gun isn't loaded and you're getting off easy. Make that those things. I'll be walking down the walkline within say fifteen' distance of you all the time. Go through with it and you get away. Start to run or put up a square and this bunch'll take you out. Now!"

Tolson waited for a long moment, then, holding his arm awkwardly aloft, the revolver pointing at his own head, he began a slow walk down the centre of the field. As he crossed the foul line, a woman uttered nervously. Another exasperated. A murmur swept the crowd.

With the noise of the crowd mounting in his ear, the horrified actions of women and the howse shouts of men, Sammy Franks saw a uniformed figure dash itself from the players' bench and speed toward Tolson. The player left the ground in a flying tackle. He hit Tolson low

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ang hard. The gun went spattering in the air. Sammy French dived off.

A voice came at his elbow. "What do you know about it?"

Sammy French turned, his eyes wary as he recognized the face and badge of Mike Webb. "Why—nothing," he said. "The other swarfer passed his trailer."

"Mike?" Mike Webb grunted heavily. "Let's go on."

Tolson's clothes were ripped and his face was covered with mud. He ate himself with rage; he pointed furiously at Tolson. "That's the man! But watch him—dangerous—knif!"

Sammy French looked at Mike Webb and shook his head. "I don't like the guy, you understand. But it's odd, very odd."

The officer looked at him closely and Sammy could almost hear wheels turning in Mike Webb's mind. Mike Webb said: "I confess—" and his gaunt hands gripped Sammy.

"Without on him," Mike Webb said, then, addressing Tolson: "Take him away. Not to the jail, though. The guy's probably a dangerous case. Call the state people." He turned his eyes on Sammy French. "If you had anything to do with this, now's the time to say so."

Sammy French staggered. "Do you the guy never did look too bright? But I didn't think he was this vicious. It goes to show you—"

"Okay," said Mike Webb. "Okay."

Sammy French staggered away. Once off the field he walked rapidly, putting distance between himself and Mike Webb.

Back at the store he washed carefully and methodically to prove the crowd that, given the place after the gun, his claim of innocence dived in fire from the beams and timber. Mike Tolson's dramatic entrance had stolen the afternoon show.

The crowd had gone and darkness had come. Sammy French left the store unclad and walked rapidly to the football field, past the goal line, down the mid-field, retracing the steps of the afternoon. He knelt and fumbled in the short, trampled grass.

"Looking for something?"

Sammy French watched the shadow dash itself from the line of bushes and became the threatening figure of Mike Webb. Held high a foot to come home. He knew that now.

Mike Webb threw the flashlight beam full in Sammy's eyes. "Looking for something?"

"My—my pen," Sammy French said breathily, fumbling at his breast pocket. "I must've dropped it during the excitement this afternoon."

Mike Webb clashed sympathetically and swept the ground with light. "It's a big field to search," he said, smiling pointedly, "with no light . . ."

"I didn't think of the light. Matter of fact I was in a hurry—left the store unlocked. Guess I'd better be getting back."

"I'll go with you," Mike Webb said. "I could use a sandwich."

Jane was there, sitting on a stool. She wore a soft wool sweater and a tweed skirt. Her face was flushed down the cool night air. Sammy French thought he'd never seen her look so beautiful. He wanted to tell her so. But not now—not with Mike Webb at his elbow.

Jane was happy and sparkling. She nodded a greeting to Mike Webb, then said: "Sammy! It was wonderful!"

"It was good," he admitted, wondering if it had been worth it.

Heads of Sammy's town and Mike Webb's visited. Jane miffed on. "Oh, but Tolson looked like a fool, pointing a pen at his own head—and in front of all those people."

What are they going to do with

him?" Sammy kept his voice even. "Father says they'll send him to the state hospital for observation, perhaps long here there for the longest time."

"I don't think so," Mike Webb said to her. "I really don't think so." Then to Sammy: "That sandwich of mine—make it a ham or rye. And would you mind washing off the crust?"

Hurriedly, with Mike Webb's eyes upon her, Sammy French stirred the sandwich. He didn't need to wash his hands. He'd made too many ham-sandwiches for that. His practiced fingers performed the task while his eyes and his mind were on Mike Webb. Webb's shot had been shaved—and lucky! Would you mind trimming off the crust?"

Carefully, getting the edges even, Sammy French sliced the sandwich, laid a slice beneath it and put it in the cracker.

Mike Webb smiled at her. "Pardon," he said, "except I wanted the edges trimmed. Remember?"

Sammy French shifted his gaze helplessly to Jane. She returned the look but there was a strained urgency in her eyes. Opening his mouth, ready to speak, fumbling nervously

among the jars and plates beneath the counter, Sammy French touched it and curiously touched it again.

Gently, he brought the knife into the light. It shone cleanly, without rust or dirt. He almost lunged for the sandwich, nearly snatched it off!

Mike Webb expected the sandwiches, glanced at the knife. "Thanks," he said curtly. "I'll eat it as I go." With a pleasant nod to Jane, he left. Still holding the knife, Sammy French regarded it reverently. "But I left it on the football field," he mumbled, "burned in the sun!"

"What?"

"I said I know I saw you. I thought you'd want it back again, so I remembered the spot. Seven or the crowd left I dug it up, took it home and cleaned it."

Sammy French bestowed a loving look upon Jane. Tolson the knife Tolson would never be able to hear his story. Life had suddenly become safe and unanticipated — peaceful. That's what it was!

That look and the smile in her eyes—something told Sammy French that everything would be all right.

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Talking Points

MIDNIGHT MANIAC . . .

Who actually did commit one of the greatest murders in the history of the west? Criminologists and historians have argued in vain about the killer who struck down his major victims on the "Herbert Trail" . . . and no definite conclusion has ever been reached. On page 4, James Hollidge again surveys the mystery and provides some new—and perhaps significant—clues.

SUPERMEN OR . . . ?

We recommend for your attention Homer Shannon's article "Artificial Herbs for Supermen?" (page 50), in which he outlines the much-disputed subject of artificial insemination of human beings and draws a few conclusions of what the ultimate results may be. Shannon has made a close study of his subject and knows what he's talking about.

THE KITCHEN OF HELL . . .

This month, Jack Herring—one of Australia's most prolific crime writers—concludes his series of the gory-goings-on in the United States' "Hell Kitchen." On page 51, he describes how the "Kitchen" grew from a lively country garden to a vice spot unequalled in the annals of the underworld. But don't be disappointed. Herring will turn up next month with another series as unusual and as striking as his last.

GOLD . . . GOLD . . . GOLD . . .

The gold may be panning out in them there hills . . . but there are still hidden possibilities ahead. Read Frank S. Greenway's article "Gold From a Lump of Lead" (page 60) and learn what science may still achieve. Beginning from the elements, Greenway traces the search for artificial gold through the centuries into the research of the modern laboratories. The way he sees it is that there'll be a day when Fort Knox won't be holding a monopoly.

NEXT MONTH . . .

Some new and unusual features await: "CAVALCADE" next month . . . Watch especially for "The Deadly Charm of Radiant Jade." The Korean War has provided many examples of what can be achieved by Oriental Manufacturing. Here is the story of one of the greatest of them . . . the Maudie Princess whose last for love was equalled only by her last for cruelty. And here a glimpse at "Are You a Human Body?" Telepathy has become a subject for serious scientific interest and in this atomic age, who knows what strange surprises the future holds. Fiction comprises the issue and includes "Total Decease"; "Crime at Saint Cloud" (a bizarre murder of French); and "The Princess Miss Okoy" (something from a new "CAVALCADE" writer, H. Clifford-Dalton).



Fever